

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 22, 1950

America's National Sports Weekly

35 CENTS



CONQUEST!
The Peak of Storms



LADIES' HARDWARE \$22.00 LADIES' D'ARTE \$22.00 BEAUTY CASE \$22.00

TWO-DUFFEL, \$20.00 MEN'S CONRADSON CASE \$22.00

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NEW
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Samsonite
100% BONDED FIBERGLAS® LUGGAGE



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Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" inserts appear only in the copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that go to our friends in the advertising business

August 29, 1960

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

from L. L. Callaway, Jr.

In our last thrilling episode, two weeks ago, I mentioned that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried **more pages of regional advertising** than any other magazine except *TV Guide*, and admitted that perhaps you didn't realize it.

Well, there have been so many pleasantly raised eyebrows among you who didn't realize it that I thought perhaps I could haul out some more facts about our magazine that would bring a similar glow of realization to your countenance—

During the first six months of 1960, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED stood **first**, among all magazines, in pages of men's apparel advertising;

Second, among all magazines, in pages of beer, wine and liquor advertising (**second** by two pages to the *Post* in pages of beer advertising alone, and **third** in pages of liquor advertising alone, ahead of our big brother *Time* by a whisker);

Sixth in radios, television sets, phonographs, and recorders;

Sixth in automotive, accessories, and equipment; **fifth** in tires and tubes; **fourth** in passenger cars and vehicles (ahead of the *Post*, *Newsweek*, *U. S. News*, *Look*, and *Holiday*);

Fourth in sporting goods and toys; **second** to *The New Yorker* in jewelry, optical goods, and cameras; and **first** by a shade over *The New Yorker* in cameras and photographic supplies.

Which puts us in **ninth** place among all U. S. magazines in pages of advertising, according to P.I.B.'s calculations—and **fourteenth** in advertising revenue. (For convenience in comparison, farm publications and newspaper supplements are not included in the above standing.)

I hope those of you who **did** realize that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is really playing in the big leagues in advertising volume will pardon my immodesty in citing the above facts. To those of you who didn't, it's part of our duty as purveyors to you of advertis-

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

ing and marketing information to reluctantly cast modesty aside and keep you up-to-date.

* * *

We couldn't have a better preceptor for the above paragraphs than a recent editorial in *Advertising Age* commenting on the new 1960 census results. *Ad Age* noted that Houston, 6th in size among U. S. cities, was 45th in 1920; Los Angeles, now 3rd in 1960 and 10th in 1920; and "such bustling present-day cities as Dallas (672,000), San Diego (547,000), Phoenix (430,000) and Long Beach (323,000), were scarcely gleams in anyone's eye."

Ad Age went on to say "There really isn't much of a moral to all this, except to remind you not to trust your memory about the size and shape of markets, nor those impressions you formed as a boy. Things change, absolutely and relatively; it's important to keep abreast of the changes, not merely in a bookkeeping sense, but in terms of mental set and outlook."

Today's market has gone to the suburbs, where it and its children do a heap of living in their backyards, in their boats, on their golf courses, in their station wagons, at their parties and town meetings and college reunions, in colorful informality. Maybe by the 1980 census they will be back in the cities again—but for the foreseeable future, the "mental set and outlook" of the market that you sell in *today* is that of the magazine of today, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

* * *

A Princeton friend of mine (see you in Palmer Stadium on November 19) sent this item from the *Alumni Weekly*:

"When a room in 1879 Hall went up in flames no one could have been more pleased than its impish occupant, Senior Donnelly Erdman. After a long heart-rending session with the adjustor from his insurance company, Erdman received a fat check for \$4,000. He then notified all local haberdasheries that he would accept sealed bids for an entire new wardrobe. 'I've always wanted to look like the Ivy League students in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since no one else at Princeton does and I figure now is my chance,' he said."

See The Sporting Look, almost any issue, for refutation of Erdman's reflection on sartorial Princeton—but otherwise, his judgment, like his new wardrobe, is impeccable.

* * *

(continued on back flap of this insert)



*EXCEPTED RETAIL PRICE. EXACT QUOTE P.A.S. © 1969 BY VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

It isn't so.

That winding key you've been seeing on some VW's is not standard equipment.

It's put there by proud Volkswagen owners, who go around telling their friends they get 40 miles on one winding.

That isn't quite true.

The correct figure is about 22 miles (regular driving), and it requires one gallon of gas.

Otherwise, the winder gives you a pretty good idea of how economical it is to own and operate a Volkswagen.

The VW engine in the rear is air-cooled. No water to boil over or freeze. No anti-freeze. No radiator expansion. No radiator.

Engine friction is so low that top speed and cruising speed are one and the same. A Volkswagen can run wide-open all day long

without running up a repair bill. And it uses practically no oil between changes.

A VW costs \$1,565* including heater. Leatherette upholstery is optional, and so are white walls, side view mirror and radio.

Outside of that, we can't think of anything else you might want.

Except possibly that winding key.





Look at it.
It just sits there.
It doesn't know
how great it is.
It doesn't even
know that I
created it. Me!
Using a fantastic
alchemy of vodka
and **Rose's
Lime Juice.**
You're a beautiful
Gimlet. Yes,
you are. Now
come to Faustus, baby!

Gin is also a great Gimlet ingredient.
Formula: 4 or 5 parts vodka or gin
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve over
ice in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



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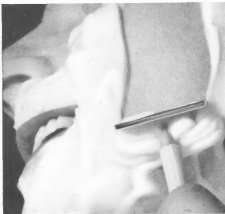
Next week

► All the thrilling competitive highlights and behind-the-scenes stories from Rome will be reported by a team of Brooks LITERATURE writers and photographers on the spot.

► Maria Russo is the world's best woman tennis player. Herbert Warren Wind finds her an attractive girl, and tells how she compares with Longin, Wile and Marlin.

► Do you know what happens when you leave those cute little kittens behind after your summer vacation? Corey Ford vividly portrays the menace of the feral house cat.

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and a new super-sharp blade...



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Smooth Shave instant lather saturates your whiskers in split-seconds, stays moist and firm to the end of your shave. Lets your razor slide an easy, you can barely feel the blade. That's why Smooth Shave gives you a faster, smoother shave with any kind of blade—a safety shave with the new super-sharp blades—

Metabolized or Regular, only 1.00

Old Spice
SMOOTH SHAVE

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Also available in Canada

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

Editor-in-Chief: Henry E. Luss
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Lussen

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Holcomb



BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL VIEWS YOUNG NEW ENGLAND PITCHERS THROUGH THE SHREWD EYE OF RED SOX SCOUT LARRY NOODALL

Photograph by Winfield J. Parks Jr.

GRASS ROOTS BASEBALL

Major league tryout camps are a summer fixture. Here's a personal look at one of them

by ROGER WILLIAMS

EACH summer, in a few chosen towns throughout America, major league baseball becomes a reality for several hundred spirited boys. It leaves the TV screen and the big city and takes to the country in special form—the tryout camp. In Bluefield, W. Va., say, or Johnstown, Pa., tryout day is an occasion for the town and its youngsters. The local newspaper drums up interest and the ball field is slicked into shape; the ballplayers—from 15 to 23—cut summer school and summer jobs to show their skills and earn an approving nod and maybe even a minor league contract.

A few weeks ago the Boston Red

Sox took over Cranston Stadium in Cranston, R.I. for just such a camp. In New England the Red Sox are the ball club, and 75 serious young men turned out, some with the solemn if irrational hope of making the big leagues straight off.

Among the less serious aspirants was a nearighted, still youthful but slightly peevish journalist who hadn't swung a bat in anger in several seasons—me. Equipped with spikes, glove and notebook, I followed a straggling line of young athletes through the left-field gate of Cranston Stadium and onto the diamond. At

continued



COLORFUL UNIFORMS WORN BY CANDIDATES BEAR NAMES OF BUSINESS FIRMS SPONSORING TEAMS IN LOCAL AMATEUR LEAGUES

9 a.m. the air was already still and sultry, and the boys sat quietly along the first base line. Most were in uniform: So's Bakery, Antonelli Pating, Fossey Sport Club. The shirt didn't always match the pants, the fit was hardly exact, but the youngsters did look like ballplayers. I felt uncomfortable in my T shirt, khakis and blue cap, which I'd scuffed in the dirt for the proper effect.

"See that No. 42?" said one boy to a buddy. "He's good."

"Where'd he get that Sox uniform?"

"He used to play for 'em."

"What?"

"Well, he played for one of their farm teams."

"They all use the same name?"

"Yeah, I guess they must. Anyway, he's good."

After a few warmup tosses, we got down to work. Larry Woodall, a Red Sox scout and former Tiger catcher, called for a third baseman and shortstop to work with the outfielders, who were going to practice throwing to the

base. I volunteered. As shortstop, I was to cut off poor throws at the third baseman's command.

The first throw came hard and straight, but it was too low, so I cut it off. There was a loud whoop, and I staggered backward. That started a bone bruise I can still feel. From then on I took the high hard ones with an exaggerated give and concentrated on smothering the low skippers. Happily, there were enough really bad throws to make me look good by comparison. Some barely made the infield dirt, others sailed 15 feet over the third baseman's head. I finished with palm aching but confidence intact.

Infield practice was almost without incident. The first grounder died conveniently at my feet, and I stabbed the second blindly on the short hop. I found my throws uniformly weak, so I started aiming at an imaginary spot several feet above the first baseman's head. This gave them the appearance of low set shots. On our final play the second baseman fielded a grounder and threw to me for the forecut at second. I relayed to first for a double play that might have

caught Ford Frick by half a step.

"O.K.," yelled Woodall, "we'll start a game. No. 1s in the field, No. 2s at bat." That put us up first. Our first two hitters tripled, and I eagerly grabbed a couple of bats to loosen up. The bats felt like railroad ties. I rooted around for something lighter and for a moment contemplated using a fudge. When I finally stepped up I was choking the bat almost to the label. I swung and missed on the first pitch and found my right foot (I bat lefty) way out in the bucket. So I planted the right foot nearly in front of the plate, took three balls and finally grounded out to shortstop.

A lefty was pitching when I came to bat again. As he walked out to the mound, a grandstand critic yelled, "Hey, this kid's only in the Babe Ruth League." He did look terrible: no speed, no stuff, nothing. I struck out on three swings. After the second strike, the catcher said helpfully: "Boy, you missed that one by a lot."

In the field my main activity was talking it up in the infield. "What's the pitcher's name?" I asked the third baseman. "Beats me," he said. "Hey,



you're ready for

Pitch, what's your first name? Gene? O.K., Gene baby. C'mon, Gene boy. No better in there, baby." I also took a few throw-ins from the outfield. The last one came in at ankle level so that there was no chance to give with it. *Wham!* The bruise was rebruised; my hand hung helplessly like a fleshy hook. When a new shortstop took over after three innings I retired happily to the sidelines.

A yellow sponge

Next morning I dampened a yellow kitchen sponge and stuck it in my glove. The ball hit the glove with a strange squish, but my tender palm didn't mind the noise.

Jumping Joe Dugan, the old American League third baseman, instructed the infielders on making the double play. "Boys," said Dugan, "I feel lousy this morning. My stomach's killing me. Now there are two kinds of throws on the double play—the tom, when you're close up, and the overhand throw when you're farther away. That's how we do it in the big leagues. Now you second basemen remember they're going to slide into

you, so get out of the way. Charlie Gehring used to step way out here and throw underhand to first."

The game started with me at short-stop again. In the first inning I juggled a hard smash and threw to first too late. Dugan, umpiring from behind the mound, said, "Nice stop, son," but even I knew it was an error. In the third, with a man on first base, I bobbled a routine bouncer. The runner beat my throw to second, but Dugan charitably called "Out" and brushed aside the catcalls with am-pirical grandeur. The pitching had improved since the first day. Both boys I faced were fast, and they threw real curves. Against the first one I swung out ahead of a good curve, rolling to the first baseman. The second pitcher struck me out on a fine curve that broke in around my knees. As I left the batter's box, someone coo-kied, "Send me my train fare, mama. They're throwin' curves!"

There was an honest-to-goodness looser boy at the ramp—Bob McCauley, the No. 42 with the Sox uniform. McCauley, a husky 31-year-old, had been signed by Detroit in the

summer of 1909 for "a little over \$10,000." He went to spring training last year as a first baseman, was sent to Knoxville for a couple of days, then on to Erie of the New York-Pennsylvania League. He hit .159 in 115 games and was packed off to Holdrege (a Chicago White Sox farm) in the Nebraska State League. "I did just so-so there. I wanted to pitch some, but they always said no."

This spring McCauley was released. He still had the bonus money, but he was on his own again. He now plays around Providence whenever he can, hoping for another chance in organized ball. "I'll keep trying for one more year. After that I don't know. You can't keep going to camps. You can't become—what do they call it—an athletic barn. If I can't be a ballplayer, the hell with it. I'll do something else." Had Woodall or Dugan given him any encouragement? McCauley shook his head. "Hell, they got everybody in the state scouted already."

McCauley looked like a hitter, but he didn't hit. "He's strictly a fast-

by Alvin Karpis

anything in Adlers!



Take the SC* for example. This is the famous wool sock that's guaranteed not to shrink. It comes in white and eleven different solid colors. At fine stores everywhere or write: The Adler Company, Dept. S-80, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

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THE
LUXURY
OF

ORLON®...fall slacks of wool blended with luxurious "Orlon"® acrylic fiber give you rich looks, soft comfort—new shape retention and wrinkle-shedding powers—even longer wear. Be sure your new fall slacks have this unique luxury of "Orlon"!

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER DRESS... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



*Du Pont's trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes. Slacks. Enjoy THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JUNE ALLISON—Monday nights, on CBS-TV.

Gulf Stream



slacks, tailored by Albert Green Co., come in fall's most interesting styles, shades. Moderately priced at better stores everywhere.

TRYOUT CAMP continued

ball hitter," said his buddy, Al Bodington, a Providence College student, as he watched McCauley at bat. "Doesn't like curves or lefties. See that? Curves really lock him."

Beth McCauley and Bodington made the camp all-star teams (I did not) that Woodall announced after the second day's workout. "Boys," said Woodall, "it's obvious we all can't be pros, but I hope you'll all keep trying. I've been in baseball



REPORTER WILLIAMS admits his errors to Scout Woodall and skeptical teammates.

since 1915. It's a wonderful game, and you'll get a lot of pleasure out of it. Now for you boys who didn't make it—this doesn't mean you're not as good or even better than those who made the team. But we just do our best in picking you. Thanks for coming out; I hope we've helped you, and be sure to come back again."

Woodall and Dugan went off to pore over their rating cards (their reports are sent back to the Boston farm office; the good players are earmarked, and scouts are told to keep an eye on them). Camerung went onto Fenwick Street, and the field was soon deserted. Behind the third-base stands a couple of 10-year-old kids were playing catch. One dropped a throw, and the other yelled, "You're a donkey. Next one who misses is an ape."

END



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TWO GREAT GASOLENES

GORDON FORD



GIST OF THE YARN

The distinctive cut of this Gordon-Ford suit focuses attention on the wearer rather than the make. Translated into handsome heather-wools — in our Shadow Bone Twill — it is a dandy blend of fine wool and Orlon acrylic fiber. About \$60. Also available with matching vest.

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Beverly Brothers, Cleveland
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The Bermuda Sports Shop,
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The University Shop, Columbus, Ohio

GORDON-FORD, 1401 River Avenue, New York, N.Y.

MOTOR SPORTS

*Stirling
Moss*

'The sport will die'

**New restrictions, says
one of its finest stars, could
kill Grand Prix racing**



AUTHOR MOSS, UP AGAIN AFTER INJURY

SLOWLY but surely, international motor racing is being dragged down and ruined by the foolishness of its governing body. For the past few years these venerable gentlemen, based in Paris, have bungled their job to such an extent that everyone in the sport is becoming genuinely concerned with its future and well-being.

The mismanagement can be traced back to Le Mans and the horrible accident of 1955 when 85 persons were killed. This triggered a panic move to introduce safety into the sport. I do not quarrel with the idea. I do question the safety measures taken.

The Commission Sportive Internationale de l'Automobile decided to do something about the size and speed of the cars. They introduced a new formula, 1,500-cc. cars with a minimum weight of 990 pounds. But was it the old Formula 1 cars that were at fault? I think the committee would have done better to look instead at the races.

Take Le Mans. In format it is more dangerous than any other race in the world. In the days of the big racing sports cars that did better than 200 mph down the Mulsanne Straight, slow cars allowed in the race crept along at little over 100 mph. At night, often in visibility reduced by fog, we in the big cars were overhauling the smaller ones at a speed differential of up to 90 mph.

There is no doubt that this introduced a totally unnecessary element of risk into the 24-hour race, and we said so, loud and long. But the governing body paid no heed.

The same committee, after Le Mans, decided to increase the windscreen to a minimum vertical height of 10 inches. As everyone who has ever driven a racing car knows, it takes only a few laps for the windscreen to become coated with oil mist. Add to this mosquitoes, dust thrown by other cars, and perhaps rain, and you have a mixture that no windscreen wiper on earth can clear. It becomes essential to peer over the top, but few people can see over a 10-inch screen. When we drivers protested, the committee permitted an inadequate slot to be cut in the middle. But what of driving teams, when one man is tall and the other short? And what of the sag in the seat after long hours of use? Last January, after drivers had sampled the new high screens in Argentina, they signed a note stating that they would not hold themselves responsible for any accidents that might result from this crazy idea.

Another of the new Grand Prix Formula 1 regulations for 1961 is an automatic starting device. The theory behind its use is that if a car spins off the road the driver can restart his engine quickly and get out of the way. I would consider this an excellent idea if it had any basis in reality. It

has none. The committee could have learned this immediately if it had consulted the drivers. I cannot recall any accident that was caused by a driver push-starting his car. I also cannot recall having heard of any automatic starter that was not dangerous. If the starter works by compressed air, it means the driver will have to carry a high-pressure cylinder, which could cause a serious explosion in the event of a fire. The alternative is an electric starter—but can you think of any single piece of equipment which would be more likely to start a fire than a battery?

These are quite a few of many changes decreed, only arbitrarily, by the Commission Sportive Internationale. I have not mentioned the many inconsistencies of the committee in matters of driver regulations and policing of events. In its International Sporting Code, the committee itself lays down the law that world championship Grand Prix races shall be separated by at least 14 days. This is understandable enough. Sometimes we have great distances to cover from circuit to circuit, and there is almost always a fair amount of work to be done on the cars, followed, of course, by testing. Yet, for some reason best known to themselves, the committee this year gave dates for the Monaco and Dutch Grand Prix which were separated by only a week.

In what appears to be a sincere effort toward greater safety, the committee decreed that we would be permitted to drive in only one race—a Grand Prix of two hours' duration, for example—every 24 hours. Yet it is perfectly in order for rally drivers to compete in such events as the Liège-Rome-Liège involving four days and nights of fast driving in far more hazardous conditions. It is also in order for us to drive off and on for 24 hours at Le Mans. Personally, I don't mind a bit competing in such endurance contests. I accept danger in a sport which, by its very nature, must involve a fair amount of risk. But the rules for safety formulated by the committee are not consistent with their avowed purpose to promote safety.

So much for criticism. What can be done to improve matters?

First, I would suggest that every country represented on the Commission Sportive Internationale should

Continued



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Why do you buy Brand Names? Because you trust them. You know that they are consistently good, that they always meet the high standards of quality you've set for yourself and your family. You'll find Brand Name products wherever you go. No guesswork shopping. Like good friends, they're always there.

The Brand Name manufacturer has built a reputation. He must maintain it, so he keeps his standards high, and strives constantly to make his product better. He's always first with new products and ideas. He employs lots of people. He helps balance the economy. You depend on him. He depends on you. Know your brands, and buy the brands you know. You'll find some of them on the pages of this magazine.

A BRAND NAME IS A MAKER'S REPUTATION

Brand Names Foundation, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

KENTUCKY



the fishing is always great! Fall fishing is excellent in both streams and lakes. You'll find the biggest bass . . . the craftiest crappie . . . the most obliging bluegill in the country. Find out for yourself all about our fisherman's paradise, and our big Second Annual Kentucky Lake Fishing Derby, Sept. 1 to Nov. 15, with \$5,000 worth of cash prizes.

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Capital Annex Building
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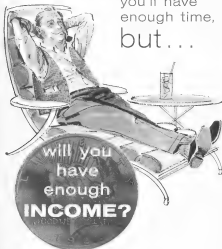
Please send me your FREE fishing manual, "Fishing in Kentucky".

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when you're ready to retire
you'll have
enough time,
but...



Carefree retirement doesn't "just happen." You have to prepare for it. Today. Today, so that you'll be financially secure when retirement time comes. A suggestion: Your Ohio National Life agent can show you how to have enough income to make your future retirement happy and secure. See your Ohio National Life agent soon — or write for further information.



THE
Ohio National Life
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he gives votes in direct proportion to the part it plays in motor racing. The countries that produce neither cars nor grade-one drivers should be allowed at most a single vote. The country that produces competitive cars should clearly have stronger representation. The same applies to the country producing more grade-one drivers. I would go further. In cases where a country has earned the right to two extra votes, the second vote should be cast by a driver. I am certain that the drivers are far, far more able to sort out problems concerning their own safety and the cars themselves.

Finally, I think it is imperative that the manufacturers of racing cars should be allowed to send representatives along to CSI meetings. Had they been consulted earlier, I am convinced the present fracas over Formula 1 cars would never have arisen.

Grand Prix racing is, and always has been, the fastest, most spectacular and the most highly skilled side of auto sports. These days it is big business and the amounts of money poured into it are enormous. For the big auto and supply companies, however, the investment is fully justified. Hundreds of thousands see the races, and in Europe particularly their products get wide recognition in the press. But how long can the interest be maintained if the public has only the emasculated 1.5-liter cars to watch? Not long, and fortunately that is the conclusion reached by the manufacturers themselves. The FIA approved a temporary Intercontinental Formula for cars with engines having a maximum piston displacement of 2.5-liters. In effect this is the same as the present Formula 1. By July of 1981 the FIA will have raised the Intercontinental Formula to "not less than three liters."

Thus the car builders have dented the committee's bureaucratic armor — this is a fine thing. As long as the sport continues to provide worthwhile advertising for manufacturers, it will thrive. The moment people begin to ignore it—and they will if the cars are not exciting, and the drivers, who know best how to make racing exciting, are not given a voice in its management—advertising support will be withdrawn and the sport will die.

END

MEMO *from the publisher*



SPORTING LOOK CIGAR 1920

IN NEXT WEEK'S issue comes SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's seasonal Sporting Look Preview.

If much of the allure of sport lies in unpredictability, much lies likewise in predictability. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED can study the plans of the designers and manufacturers, and predict with fair accuracy what the coming style in off-duty raiment will be. I can also say that, as sure as the sun will rise, next week's Sporting Look Preview will evoke an enthusiastic response from a majority of our readers—and a not entirely unwelcome dissent from a minority of them. This prediction regarding the minor response is partly an alert to the editors of the 19TH HOLE, our letters department, to be ready to field a few brickbats. For they will receive, quite soon now, several com-

munications which, to paraphrase them politely, will read like this:

"What do you think you are! God-dry's Lady's Bask? I want to read about broken axes. That's sport. Please cancel my subscription."

For late arrivals who may wonder why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reports on sports clothes, here is a quotation from a prospectus written some six years ago, when this magazine was in its pre-publication stage. It seemed a legitimate part of our mission then, and I think most of you will agree that it still is:

"With sound judgment and good background SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will present clothes, focus on details and accessories and give the facts on fashion trends, fabrics and designers and give readers the secret of how to be well groomed for every leisure-time and sporting occasion."

The very idea of being well groomed for a sporting occasion is, of course, a fairly new idea (and, we might add, a happy one). Do you remember when anyone could take off his necktie, roll up his shirt sleeves and be dressed for a weekend of sport? In those days SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did not exist. And if it had, we would have been hard put to report that sartorial event.

However, the trend toward more sportswear started long before we did, and it has been both our mandate and our pleasure to record its continuing developments. Next week's Preview will be the latest in a long line of reports which have ranged from the rebirth of the blazer to the westward migration of the bikini.

That's sport.

Arthur H. Jones

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

TV. FRIEND OR FOE?

The average Englishman, a recent Gallup Poll indicates, prefers snoozing through summer Saturday afternoons to all other forms of recreation. The men who run the English Football League suspect that's what a lot of Englishmen have been doing on Saturday afternoons in fall and winter, too—instead of going to football (i.e., soccer) games. Ten years ago total attendance reached 41 million; by last season, it had fallen to 33 million.

To reverse this sleepy trend, the league last week abandoned one of its most cherished traditions: Television is Bad for the Game. In return for £150,000 (\$420,000), it will permit live TV coverage of some 20 matches this season. But only a part of each game will be shown (five minutes of the first half and the whole of the second), and the televised matches will be played in the evening, so as not (theoretically) to interfere with more important games in the afternoon.

What the league hopes to do is attract an entirely new audience, "including millions of women who watch TV on Saturday nights." Accordingly, it will hand almost a third of its fee (£45,000) back to the TV companies to run commercials of its own. "How strange," the London Daily Mail remarked, "to see a great national game accepting a fat fee for allowing its supporters to be lured away, and then paying some of the money to the same agency to get them back."

The league's decision to embrace television is indeed a big gamble. Kingfishers, when they do interrupt their snoozes these days, are almost certain to bowl or swim or golf. "If the masses are melting from the grandstand," the Daily Mail continued, "they are pouring into more personal pastimes. . . . The spectator is turning into the participant."

STEADY EMPLOYMENT

On the well-publicized list of heroes who seem likely to bring Pittsburgh its first pennant in 33 years, one

name is oddly absent. When the Pirates drafted Rocky Nelson from the minors two years ago, it barely caused a stir—except for an occasional snicker. Nelson, then 33, had previously failed in nine major league chances. But this year, when Dick Staart went into a slump, Nelson took over a starting job at first base. He pushed



ROCKY NELSON FINALLY GOT TO PLAY

his batting average above .300, dug down for low throws with the suppleness of a youngster, poked out his chew of tobacco at friend and umpire alike. "It's just what I've been saying all along," says Nelson, "nobody ever let me play regular before."

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

Along the Campbell River, on Vancouver Island, B.C., the tyee salmon is known as the world's fightingest fish. Could be. Last week Dr. Millard Macaveila of Mount Vernon, Wash., hauled a 38-pound salmon into his boat. With one smash of his tail, the fish knocked the doctor's guide overboard. Dr. Macaveila leaned over the side to help and a second tailflip sent him into the water, too. The salmon then flipped the tackle overboard, the landing net settling securely over Dr. Macaveila's head.

In Michigan another fisherman was

photographed with a 36½-pound northern pike (supposedly a state record). He sent the picture to a Chicago newspaper, which duly published it. Whereupon the Michigan conservation department regretfully reported that its operators had inadvertently poisoned the fish some time before. The "fisherman" had fished the frozen corpse from a conservation icebox. Despite a somewhat stiff appearance, everyone agreed the pike took a nice picture.

FLOOR WORKSHOP

Ben Kerner, the impulsive owner of the St. Louis Hawks who was turned down when he offered \$200,000 for Minneapolis Laker Star Elgin Baylor, has bought the portable basketball floor the Lakers used before moving to Los Angeles. "If we can't get Baylor," said Kerner, "we'll take the floor he played on."

HAUTE CUISINE

Can 5,000 Frenchmen, all chefs and all members of the formidable *La Société des Cuisiniers de Paris*, be wrong? Could be, writes Gourmet Robert Courtine in Paris' influential *Le Monde*. "Chefs and those who pride themselves on a knowledge of gastronomy will be up in arms," M. Courtine admits, but his shattering discovery is simply this: the best food is cold food.

"Hot food gives bulk, flesh and increases secretions," wrote Courtine, quoting a tract on cattle breeding. "Cold food gives endurance and energy . . . and is suitable for working animals." Why should man, considered as an animal, be any different from the others?

Such heresy will stir the wrath of chefs, said Courtine, because "Cold food cannot stand up to mediocrity. An egg which is not of the first freshness would be tasted in a cold preparation." Is it not possible, Courtine needed, that great chefs prefer hot food because they are merely lazy?

Courtine was not content to let the matter rest there. Not only should food be served cold, he said, but so, indeed, should red table wine. "Ask restaurants to put a bottle of red wine on ice, and they'll think you're crazy," he wrote. But the fact is that while room temperature was fine for wine in the days before central heating, room temperature now

CLEAR UP THE LISTON CASE

Heavyweight Prizefighter Sonny Liston has a superb record in the ring and a bad one out of it. He has been undefeated in the past six years; of his 31 fights he has won all but one and he has scored 21 knockouts. He may make it 31 victories and 22 knockouts on September 7 in Seattle when he fights Eddie Machen. If so, he will clearly be the only worthwhile opponent for the winner of the Patterson-Johansson championship fight.

Floyd Patterson has said recently that he wants Sonny Liston as his next opponent. But Cus D'Amato, ex-alter ego of Patterson and still his manager in some states and countries, prefers to have his tiger meet other fighters the way Indian maharajas usually meet tigers. It is a champion's prerogative to fight occasional bums (Joe Louis fought a lot of them), but the gold crown given Patterson by D'Amato will soon lose its luster unless Floyd also meets his equals or near equals. And that suggests Sonny Liston.

First, though, there should be a clarification of Liston's status. The boxing authorities, who seem willing to act only when public outrage touches boiling point or when a major scandal explodes around them, must make up their minds and act accordingly on two points:

- 1) Is Liston a man who should be allowed in the ring?
- 2) Should the men who own him be allowed to remain in boxing?

Sonny Liston is a man with a poor past. He doesn't know how many brothers and sisters he had—the unofficial count was 14. By the time he was 18 he had been sentenced to three concurrent five-year jail terms for armed robberies. He got another chance through the intervention of Father Alois Stevens, chaplain and athletic director of the Missouri State Penitentiary, who believed in Sonny's reformation and saw real promise in his performance in prison boxing bouts.

Liston has fulfilled the boxing promise magnifi-

cantly, but the reformation is open to question. In 1966 Liston beat up a St. Louis cop and took his gun away from him. He got nine months, and his boxing license was suspended in Missouri for a time. Since its restoration, he has been seen in the company of known gangsters. The St. Louis police feel it is no coincidence that a Liston home fight brings with it an infestation of hoodlums.

Just as he is uncertain about the number of his brothers and sisters, Sonny Liston is far from sure how many people, gangsters or otherwise, own a piece of him. The report is that Frank (Blinky) Palermo, Frankie Carbo's alleged successor as the underworld boss of boxing, is Sonny's feudal lord. In any case, it has been established that Blinky has advanced money for Sonny's living expenses and Blinky has never been noted for his philanthropies. One St. Louis mobster, John Vitale, with a police record 25 years long is said by the St. Louis police to own a piece of Liston. Vitale denies this.

As far as Liston is concerned, if the law has nothing with which to reproach him now, he is entitled to a shot at the heavyweight title.

His hacking is another matter. If the men who own or manage him are mobsters, the fact should be promptly established and they should be driven out of the business.

A MATTER OF RECORD

Every day in every way we get faster, bigger, higher, broader and more expensive. In this Olympic year many track and field and swimming records have been smashed. Rome may well add to the debris. Improved techniques and equipment, as well as better health and a fuller understanding of diet, have brought about "impossible" performances.

In general, we welcome new records, but too many of them can spoil the fun. So we are glad to point to three which perhaps never will be beaten: Ty Cobb's 892 stolen bases in 23 years, Byron Nelson's 11 successive victories in golf tournaments in 1945 and Babe Ruth's 60 homers in 1927.

Of these the greatest is the Babe's. Roger Maris of the Yankees, a considerable home-run hitter himself, said the other day: "Nobody's ever going to break that record, not me or anybody else."

Hurrah!

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READY TO GO IN ROME

From the swank sidewalk cafes of the city to the neat billets of the Olympic Village, audience and athletes alike are on their marks for the Games' opening events

by MARTIN KANE

THE XVII modern Olympic Games began this week in a setting of unparalleled magnificence. American athletes, accustomed to the prosaically designed arenas and stadiums of their homeland and to facilities that are primitive by comparison, were awed and delighted by the spacious new stadiums and natatoriums the Romans have provided and by the immortal grandeur of ancient installations, like the Baths of Caracalla, that Rome had the wit and artistry to convert to the uses of modern sport.

Thus inspired, the U.S. swimming team, which preceded the track and field athletes to Rome, casually broke world records in practice, astonishing its coaches not so much by the fact of the records as by the ease with which they were made. Something of Rome's relaxed approach to life may have infected the athletes, but they were amiable, too, by physical conditions beyond their expectations. Brilliant sunshine by day and cool breezes by night, along with excellent food and accommodations at the Olympic Village, soon resolved all early doubts of a high-strung, spirited group.

Before the competition began there was Olympian camaraderie. Until lights out at 11 o'clock, the village recreation center bounced to recorded American jazz, and every kind of

athlete from an Indian javelin thrower to a Russian weight lifter bounced with it. The jitterbugs of the world had united.

The only sour note of any consequence lay in a threat of weather. At this time of year the sirocco blasts up from Africa through Rome, sometimes with a force of as much as 20 delectating knots. If it should spring up during the track events, some anticipated record performances may be prevented and some may be disallowed by officials. But otherwise all was serene.

There was precious little of the bickering that has marred other Games, although the Russians have charged from Moscow that the Western nations were planning unspecified "provocative" activities. This seemed to indicate some Communist worry that Iron Curtain athletes might defect as they did at Melbourne. They also complained a bit because the U.S. Olympic Committee planned to hand Russian athletes a pamphlet, printed in Russian, that answered questions about the American way of life.

In Rome, to be sure, the Russians were employing U-2 tactics, but no one minded too much. Their women's diving coach not only took movies

OLYMPIC FLAG flutters over evening strollers on storied Via Veneto from the balcony of the elegant Excelsior Hotel.





Photographs by Morris E. Neuman

of each American woman's practice dives but meticulously scored each performance as well.

"She even scores us when we fall off the board by accident," said Paula Jean Myers Pope, who is the U.S. No. 1 hope from both the three-meter springboard and the 10-meter tower.

Moderately irked by the Russian observers, Coach George Haines gave them something to ponder. After sending his girls through the usual fast 50-meter sprints, he put five of them up on the Stadio del Nuoto starting blocks.

"O.K., let's fool them," he ordered. "Go all-out, but stop at 25 meters, then turn around and come back side-stroke."

The girls frowned solemnly through the routine and the Russian observers grimly took notes.

Because of what is happening to the swimmers, a fad for green hair may sweep the world. Copper sulphate is used in Roman pools. It purifies the water and colors it a lovely blue but it turns blond hair green. The American girls have decided that the char-trouse coiffure is chic but they are not fond of the water's coppery taste.

"It's like sucking on a penny," Lynn Burke said.

The American women's track team had its problems, too. Training uniforms did not arrive in time, and the girls were forced to begin practice, despite intense heat, in sweat suits. Paolo Zingone, a ladies' haberdasher of some resourcefulness, was charged with finding enough shorts to cover the situation. Italian women wear the tightest shorts in Europe, a survey shows, and they are much too tight to be decorous, or even safe, on lady shotputters. With skilled tailoring, Zingone converted a supply of men's shorts to the girls' broad requirements.

The British were both amused and annoyed at the charge that one of their girl athletes (unnamed) was really a man. "Matters of this kind," said Jack Crump of England's AAU, "are extremely delicate and embarrassing. There is no doubt in my mind that our girls are all girls."

The Australians had more serious

continued



FROM THE NEW ELEVATED HIGHWAY WHICH BISECTS THE ATHLETES' VILLAGE, CURIOUS ROMANS WAIT FOR A GLIMPSE OF OLYMPIANS

READY IN ROME *continued*

trouble. They were distressed by the loss of Stuart Mackenzie, by occupation a chicken seer and by avocation the world's best singles sculler. A victim of stomach ulcers, who has undergone surgery, Mackenzie suffered a stomach hemorrhage only three weeks ago.

"I am not fit to row," he told Syd Grange, Australian team manager. With Mackenzie out, the Russian sculler, Vlastchey Ivanov, was given an excellent chance.

The importance of observing Olympic boxing rules, which include many a stringency ignored or forgotten in the U.S., was impressed on the American team by Julius Mendes, U.S. coach. He placed a rope across a corner of the ring, put a boxer on each side of the rope and clanged the starting bell. The rope prevented clashing, for which Olympic referees give only two warnings before stopping a fight. Mendes may have some difficulty, too, in controlling the show-boating tendencies of some of his boxers. Cassius Clay, the best American prospect for a gold medal, likes to display supreme confidence by

doing intricate dance steps between passages of boxing. Nick Spanakos likes, when he has the chance, to apply a playful toe to an opponent's seat. These are cute vassities that Olympic officials feel would make a travesty of the game. They just won't permit them.

All over Rome the athletes prepared themselves for supreme effort, some with intense seriousness, some merely joyful that they were present and caring not a hoot that their hope of medals was dim. These, competing in the spirit of the Baron de Coubertin, enjoyed the Elysian atmosphere of Rome's playing fields most of all.

Free drinks and happy Brazilians

Last Saturday morning in Centro Sport dell'Acqua Acetosa, northernmost of the Olympic training areas, athletes worked out in a snag, green valley, much like one you might find among the hills of southern California. Here there were a dozen or so playing fields of lush, strong grass, mostly for soccer, each field outlined by straight rows of willowlike trees whose long, thin leaves fluttered and rattled in the cool, puffy breeze. A

pretty, dark-haired girl in a loosely wrapped dress of blue cotton passed a straw broom over spotless streets lest they be marked by a few fallen leaves or twigs. A bright-orange three-wheeler cart puffed about, driven by a friendly man who passed out clean white caps of free "Ovaltina" to any coach or player. At the eight-lane swimming pool of sparkling blue, the Australian swimmers took their first Rome workout. Not far away, the talented soccer players of Brazil went happily through a fast, impressive offensive drill, guided by a paunchy man in a light-blue T-shirt, gray cap and green sweat pants with gold stripes.

It was a warm, unhurried, comfortable morning filled with the gentle thud of the soccer ball, the rattle of leaves, the plop of swimmers' strokes, the lacy swish of the girl's broom, the pull-pull of the orange cart and the hiss and gurgle of lemon pop poured down thirsty throats.

All over Rome and at Lake Albano, on which Pope John XXIII could, if he liked, look down from Castel Gandolfo at straining crew men, the world's finest athletes were getting ready for the world's greatest games.



BRITISH WOMEN'S TEAM RELAXES IN GREENWAY OF THEIR QUARTERS BEFORE PARTICIPATING IN FLAG-RAISING CEREMONIES IN PLAZA

FAST WARMUP IN SWITZERLAND

by **TEX MAULE**

ATired, somewhat listless group of athletes from the United States last week proved themselves the finest track and field team in history before 18,000-odd enthusiastic spectators in Bern, Switzerland. The Americans tied two world records and threatened several others, though none of them felt particularly fit physically and all were geared mentally to the forthcoming Olympics.

They had had a tiring 14-hour ride on an obsolescent propeller-driven airplane from the U.S., and had spent a day sightseeing in Bern. Most of them complained of being leg-weary and fat. But Glenn Davis, the incomparable runner from Ohio, tied the world record in the 200-meter hurdles around a full curve (22.5), running on a track dented by heavy rains. He did this on a chilly Saturday night. The next afternoon, under a bright sun and clear skies which sketched the Alps into the backdrop behind the stadium as clearly as a Swiss postcard, Lee Cal-

houn tied the world record in the 110-meter high hurdles, running an incredible 13.3.

All in all, the Americans broke 13 stadium records in the small Bern amphitheater which seats some 2,000 spectators and has standing room for 18,000 more. A 14th record was broken by the very strong, very consistent Polish javelin thrower, Jozsef Sello, who whipped the U.S.'s Bill Alley soundly with a cast of 267 feet 7½ inches against Alley's 248 feet 5½ inches.

Dave Sims, Duke's picture sprinter, won his heat of the 100 meters easily and confidently, and Ray Norton won his, too, but neither of them had spectacular times. Sims, a close friend of England's fine distance runner Gordon Pirie, ignored a cogent bit of advice given him by Pirie Saturday afternoon. Sims is just recovering from a heavy head cold and Pirie told him: "If you've had a cold don't exert yourself until you're completely well. You'll spread the infection

through your body, it may damage your heart and you won't be fit for a month." Said Sims, "I don't run with my heart."

On that chill, faintly damp Saturday night, little Max Traux, who runs best when the weather is cold, broke the American record in the 10,000 meters by an impressive 23 seconds, returning 32:35.8 under no pressure. "I could have run 20 seconds faster," he said later. He will have to run a full minute faster to win at Rome.

Ralph Boston, who broke Jesse Owens' 28-year-old world record in the broad jump two weeks ago, had a fantastic series of 26 feet 1½ inches, 25-9, 26-2¼, 23-11, 26-8½ and 26-6½. "My legs felt dead," said Boston, "and this runway isn't as fast as the one at Walnut." Bill Nieder, who earned his place on the team by breaking his own world record in the shot at Walnut, California (48-10) after failing to qualify in the Olympic trials, was well over 85 feet twice on

continued

foul puts. He won on his only fair put—64 feet 5½ inches. He made that on his first trial, then fouled five straight times.

Even more cheering for U.S. Olympic hopes than Calhoun's and Davis' performances was the 5,000-meter run won by sore-footed Jim Beatty. Beatty has a severely bruised heel that he must cradle in a plastic cup inside his track shoe when he runs. "I'm out of it," he said dependently before the race. "I've lost too much time. I've just worked about a third as much as I should have." Gordon Pirie, who is favored by most Europeans to win the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs at Rome, was confident. "I've worked harder than ever before in my life this summer," he said. "If I had been this fit at Melbourne I could have beaten Kato." On this day he could not beat Beatty or Bill Dellinger, the U.S. second 5,000-meter runner. Pirie made a serious tactical blunder in not forcing the pace. He was content with a deliberate early pace, then found that he could not match either of the Americans in the 300-yard sprint for the tape.

Ruler Johnson, the U.S. world record holder in the decathlon, performed very impressively in a post-pouri of the events which make up his specialty. His time for the 400 meters in the mile relay was 47.7, one of the fastest quarter miles ever run by a decathlon competitor.

There were, of course, disappointments. Bill Alsey, still struggling to familiarize himself with the Olympic javelin, improved his best previous mark with this projectile but was still some 40 feet short of his recent world record. John Thomas failed to make 7 feet in the high jump. The cold, damp air and a pit which seemed as hard as asphalt disheartened him.

Some of the Americans are recovering from aches and pains. Rick Bakka, who tied the world record in the discus at Walnut, was unable to practice his specialty for four days in New York, where it is illegal to throw a discus inside the city limits. As a substitute, he worked very hard with heavy weights and was so stiff and sore that he could not throw well at Bern.

But all cripples should be ready in Rome, the sun should be warm and cheering, the track fast.



GYMNAST WORKS OFF EXCESS ENRGY BEFORE AUDIENCE OF FELLOW PERFORMERS



ETHIOPIAN MARATHONERS LINE UP ON INFORMAL GRASS TRACK INSIDE VILLAGE

GLAMOUR RACE OF THE GAMES

by ROGER BANNISTER

OF THE 12 most likely finalists in the 1,500 meters at Rome, nine have run sub-four-minute miles. I predict that at the end of the race, not more than 10 meters will separate the first six finishers. And, for the first time in 24 years, possibly two of the six will be Americans. This should be the race of the Olympics.

Whoever wins will have achieved a slightly better performance over rivals of equal ability because he has learned more fully how to adapt to Italian heat. During the race itself there probably will be insufficient time for body temperatures to rise to dangerous heights, but the runner who fails to modify the length or intensity of his warmup risks arriving at the starting line either depleted of water and salt or with too high a temperature. The tactics of the race, therefore, will start before it.

In a sense, the American prospects are improved in 1960 because U.S. coaches have finally understood that such preparations, involving more than mere running against a stop watch, are important. This, really, is the secret—if such it may be called—of four-minute miling. This is not to say that an American will win. The favorite must be Herb Elliott. Despite his recent unfortunate knee injury in California, he has, after a fallow season, already shown flashes of his former brilliance. At his age a season's rest from competition is unimportant. There is a lurking suspicion that he is less ambitious than he was, but he has a champion's body, like and strong, and a mind ruthless, confident and intelligent.

There is only one runner of equal natural ability—30-year-old Roger Moens, the eccentric 800-meter world record holder. His running is a picture of dedicated power. He has only once been seen to run flat out. On that occasion in 1955 he set his world record of one minute 45.7 seconds for 800 meters. He has also run a four-minute mile. Before the 1956 Games he crashed a hurdle and missed going to Melbourne. His pique at this may prove a good stimulus for Rome. If he can keep with Elliott until the last demanding 20 yards, he could slide past

him and provide a sensational finish.

Olympic gold medalist and record holder Ron Delany lacks the strength of either Elliott or Moens but he is capable of exceptional effort on the day of the race. Winning runners are not reared in opulence and, despite his years in America, Delany has kept his lean and hungry look. He has been conspicuously absent from the recent American scene, which is important for a runner of his physique. Merr Linsale, the Australian schoolteacher who is coached by Franz Stampf, is a strong runner, persistently disappointed and eclipsed by his compatriot Elliott. A gap only needs to appear in the front rank, even just a niche, for Linsale to dart through.

Blowing may bother Americans

The American pair, Daryl Burleson and Jim Grelle, both have good medal chances. Burleson has shown that he can sustain a 200-yard finishing burst after a fast three-quarter mile, and Grelle has recently defeated Laszlo Talceri in a three-minute 42.7-second 1,500 meters. But in the Olympic final the 12 competitors will run clustered two or three abreast until the last 400 meters. Burleson and Grelle will find the blowing and jockeying for position, inevitable in this type of race, very different from American races, and they may well be upset by it.

Those in the European field who

appear likely to have a chance include Levyan Ronsowolgi, who has run for many years now but still seems in wonderful condition.

Michel Jazy of France, another lean and slender runner, has the graceful, economical stride that is so typical of European middle-distance running. Dan Waern is brilliant but erratic, faring better on Swedish tracks with his own pacemaker than in the hasty-burly of Olympic competition. Stanislav Jungwirth strides awkwardly, with his arms held in egg-and-spoon-race fashion, but he has great experience in crowded fields. Siegfried Valentin, the rugged East German, is a man to whom 1,500 meters is more of a running battle than an affair requiring delicacy and finesse. Michael Wiggs, a 22-year-old paper-mill worker, is the likeliest British contender in the finals but he has not yet shown the speed or tactical sense of his European rivals.

How the Rome 1,500 meters itself will be run will be dictated by the central principle of all middle-distance running—which is, that the pace-setter rarely wins. In all probability, the runners, who will be making every economy to preserve their strength to the end, will hold off the pace. For this reason a world record is not likely, but with such a collection of accomplished runners it is inconceivable that the winner will not exceed Delany's Olympic mark.

END

BANNISTER CALLS THE 1,500 METERS

NAME	COUNTRY	SUB-FOUR-MINUTE MILES	BEST 1,000 METERS	BEST MILE
ELLIOTT	AUSTRALIA	13	3:36.0	3:54.5
MOENS	BELGIUM	1	3:41.4	3:58.9
DELANY	IRELAND	2	3:41.2	3:57.5
LINCOLN	AUSTRALIA	5	3:42.0	3:55.9
BURLESON	U.S.	2	3:41.3	3:58.6
GRELLE	U.S.		3:42.7	4:00.1
WIGGS	GREAT BRITAIN			4:01.2
JAZY	FRANCE		3:42.5	4:01.8
JUNGWIRTH	CZECHOSLOVAKIA	1	3:38.1	3:59.1
WAERN	SWEDEN	6	3:48.7	3:58.5
RONSWOLGI	HUNGARY	1	3:38.8	3:59.9
VALENTIN	GERMANY	1	3:39.3	3:56.5

EVERYTHING THEY SAID HE WAS

Adored in Europe, Holland's Hairois II came to the U.S. and won the International Trot at Roosevelt in a style befitting a champion

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

THERE was a sixteenth of a mile still to go, and 55,000 people stood and shouted and stamped their feet. Four horses were fanned out across the stretch and each of them had a chance to win the \$50,000 International Trotting Championship at New York's Roosevelt Raceway.

A few feet from the inner rail was Ternese of Italy, who had led every step of the way. Pressed tightly against the rail was the sentimental and betting favorite of the biggest audience ever to attend a night harness race, the U.S.'s Silver Song. On the far outside, gaining ground after a hideous start, was another Italian competitor, Crevalcore. In the middle of all this, moving along almost gaily, was Hairois II from Holland, and he went on to win what is now one of the world's newest and freshest sporting classics.

Last August, when Roosevelt Raceway presented its first International, there were many people who believed that a harness racing event of this type would have trouble achieving status. Shouting the loudest in this group of dissenters were the majority of American horsemen, who believed that virtually any good U.S. trotter could beat the best of the Europeans and do it with little trouble at all.

In that first International, however, a brilliant French horse named Jamin won. Some of the voices were stifled, but others insisted that Jamin's victory was the result of luck. However, as Jamin went on to tour the U.S., beating our best trotters twice more, he convinced everyone that he was a

superb racer—better than anything we had.

For last Saturday's race, Hairois II came to the United States with the highest credentials. As with Jamin, the European trotting experts found in Hairois those exciting qualities of speed, stamina and a willingness to fight hardest when the going looks the toughest. Hairois had earned victories abroad from France to Sweden and eastward to the edge of the Iron Curtain.

Nevertheless, American trotting fans still backed their representative, Silver Song, and Hairois left the starting gate at virtually the same odds as Jamin had in 1959. (Jamin paid \$11.70 in the tote in 1959, and Hairois paid \$11.90 this year.)

At 5:30 on the afternoon of this second International, Hairois' trainer-driver, 6-foot 3-inch, 240-pound Willem Geersen, hitched him to a sulky. The two moved slowly and virtually unnoticed as the rest of the field of six dosed or munched hay in their stalls. Geersen took Hairois to the Roosevelt training track and gave him a brisk mile-and-five-eighths workout in the 80° heat. Hairois returned to his stall lathered up but content and happy.

When Geersen was asked about this rather unusual tactic, he said, "I always give Hairois a good workout on the day of a race. It keeps him on his toes. Americans work their horses out the night of a race, but I prefer to give my horse a good work in the afternoon. I knew that it must seem strange to the American harness peo-

ple, but, after all, Hairois is not an American."

Of all the drivers in the International, Geersen seemed by far the most confident before the race. Two hours before the horses were introduced to the public, Presiding Judge John Cashman called the drivers together to explain (through an interpreter) the racing rules. As Cashman spoke, Geersen leaned on the paddock rail, a sports jacket covering his gray-and-red silks. His driving breeches were immaculately white, and he delicately puffed away at a cigarette held in a holder. Judge Cashman explained how a foul was to be claimed in case trouble arose during the race. Geersen listened without interest. Cashman explained what would happen in the event of a false start, but Geersen merely fingered his white driving helmet with the flag of the Netherlands on it. Cashman explained that the winning driver would return his horse to the paddock after the trophy ceremonies and would then be taken to the press box for interviews. Now Willem Geersen perked up. "Who," he asked through an interpreter, "will take my horse and where is this press box?"

A graceful precaution

Geersen, who has only been training Hairois for 17 months, kept his horse hidden from paddock visitors by draping a large, homely green blanket over the front of Hairois' stall. The rest of the starters stood open to inspection. Geersen knew that the slightest movement outside

a stall often gets a horse stirring about, and he was not taking any chances of upsetting Hairox.

When the field got away, Toenose went quickly to the front from his No. 5 post position, and Hairox, from No. 4, was placed in second position on the outside. Silver Song was third on the rail, exactly where his driver, Howard Camdes, wanted him to be. For the entire mile and a quarter, Hairox and Geersen were on the outside, seemingly surrendering valuable ground. At the top of the stretch, many thought that Hairox would have to be tired, but Geersen knew how much horse he had left, and, free from any trouble in the middle of the track, the two came home by a half length. Cevalcore finished gamely, and Silver Song, who had trouble in the stretch, finished third.

"This," said Geersen, hoisting a glass of champagne later, "was Hairox' finest race. He is now the champion of the world."

Next Wednesday afternoon the attention of fans switches to Du Quoin,

Ill. and the 35th Hambletonian, the most prestigious trotting event of the year. This time there is no standout performer such as we have had in the last three years when Diller Hanover, Emily's Pride and Hickory Smoke trotted off with the finest of all the 3-year-old races.

In fact, the last few races leading up to the Hambletonian have done little more than cloud the picture. With an open race in prospect, many owners, who might ordinarily skip Du Quoin, may elect to pay the \$1,500 starting fee and hope for luck. If 20 start, the net purse will be \$144,402, with more than \$86,000 going to the winner.

Right from the very beginning of this year the 3-year-olds have been beating one another regularly, and only in the last few weeks have any of them started to show something resembling consistent form. Glist Hodgins, who is having the best year of his life, probably will be driving the favorite, the filly Elaine Rodney who won at Springfield last week in 2:30, fastest time any of the candi-

dates have recorded this year. Billy Haughton will be handling Hickory Fire, a full brother to Hickory Smoke, and Joe O'Brien seems to have Blaze Hanover, the winter-broke favorite, back in shape (SL, July 25). Del Miller, who has won all three of the six harness racing classics raced so far this season, will enter Duke of Decatur and Hoot Frost (and will have to choose which one he will drive himself). Duke of Decatur won the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown, the Yonkers Futurity, in early July over a muddy track at odds of 40 to 1. Uncle Sam, who will probably be the second choice at Du Quoin, won the Review Futurity last week in straight heats at Springfield, going in 2:01 1/5 in each of them. Darrle Hanover, Carlene Hanover, Volo Man and Demos Ree all have a good chance to win. In such a race, post position will be very important, which it isn't normally on Du Quoin's wide mile track. The draw will not be held until three days before the race. Anyhow, post No. 1 or second tier, we still like Hodgins and Elaine.

END

GUIDING THROUGH ROOFSBELT STRETCH, HAIROX AND DRIVER WILLEM GEERSEN MOVE TO VICTORY IN \$22,500 TROTTING CLASSIC



The Pennant Race Bubbles Along

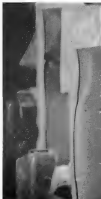
It is almost over in the National League, but in the American tension continues to build like a young hurricane from day to day, lashing ballplayers on to peaks of brilliance, dropping them a moment later with an awful thud. In this turmoil of physical effort the Yankees, White Sox and Orioles have discovered moments of calm, of peace and of introspection, when even a big league ballplayer basking for a pennant can behave like anyone else—or maybe like anyone else's son.



LIKE LITTLE LEAGUER WITH NEW TOY, SOX' MINOR PUFFS INTO PLASTIC BALLOON



BEST BUBBLE BLOWER in Orioles is Usher Milt Pappas, who demonstrates talent before the admiring gaze of Jerry Walker.





AN SPANISH SNOODER. Klamewski exhibits unexpected taste for sophisticated literary comedy created by Peter De Vries.



EARLY ARRIVAL in Baltimore locker room, Gus Triandou dresses without haste, checks his game bat, wonders idly how this day will be different and what it will bring.



CONTINUED



DISGUST AND DELIGHT chase one another across face of Mickey Mantle, who is benched one day for loafing, then breaks up a ball game with two home runs 24 hours later. Below, another



Yankee who hit home runs but never leaked discovers daring Old-Timers' Day that Joe DiMaggio is still a master of magic, even with fans too young to have seen him play.



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are machine washable and machine dryable . . . that they won't shrink or get boardy . . . that there's no problem of fading . . . that they're soft and luxurious . . . that the colors stay glorious. And what if

label says B.V.D. and Acrilan? Wow! That's the most powerful statement a sock can make! Why not go to the store tomorrow, and let B.V.D. socks made with Acrilan talk to you?

Those shown are 77% Arvitan acrylic fiber and 23% nylon. They come in a large range of styles, patterns and sizes to fit every man. Cost \$1.00. There are many other blends and styles available.

18. It is a common mistake to think of the W as $\mathcal{O}_X$.

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Winner By a Long Neck

IT WAS A fine Sunday morning, and the third race for Thoroughbred Arabians had just ended. Then came something new. Five haughty racing camels, the ascots of camel-dom, paraded to the post at the Royal Racing Club of Amman, Jordan. Their short ears, deep chests, slim flanks and obliquely angled kneecaps were everything admirers of good camel flesh could ask for. An enthusiastic crowd had already shown its appreciation by betting heavily in

100-fils pieces (25¢ each) at the pari-mutuel windows.

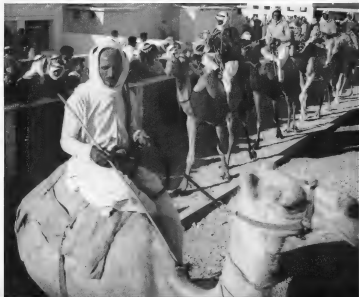
This was the beginning of the first organized camel racing season in Jordan. The idea originated with racing authorities who had become alarmed at the decline of Jordan's camel population (down to 45,000) and the deterioration of the breed.

The Royal Club track at Amman measures 1,200 meters, and the race was over 1,800 meters, or roughly a mile and a furlong.

The start was slow, all the camels ambling ponderously, the riders away-
ing on their wooden saddles six feet above the ground. The exception was a dark little Bedouin named Oudeh Sleiman riding Al-Yatima; he used no saddle at all. As the camels passed the packed stands, the racers voiced their contempt for humanity with a chorus of groans, screams, gargles, roars and moans. At the first curve the pace was noisy but slow. At the

continued

AS CAMELS PARADE TO POST TO START SEASON IN JORDAN, BETTORS LOOK FOR SPEED CHARACTERISTICS SUCH AS KNOCK-KNEES





AT START OF RACE, IMPERIOUS CAMELS SEEM TO BE DISDAINFUL OF WHOLE IDEA

CAMEL RACE continued

mile, however, the camels were running at full momentum—which, in a good camel, is about half as fast as the fastest horses. (Camels can beat horses over long distances.) Passing the stand, they were bunched, their necks outstretched, flat feet thudding on the parched red earth. The riders now unhooked their legs from their pommels, pounded their heels into their camels' ribs and thwacked their necks with long wooden crops.

Bouncing on his gunny sack, Ouden boosted Al-Yatima home, winner by a neck. But it was a long neck, and Al-Yatima paid her happy backers 42¢ for 25¢, while Ouden collected 18,000 fils (\$45) and the congratulations of admirers for owning such a fine camel. Said Ouden, "She belongs to my wife. If I owned her, I'd have sold her long ago."



THUNDERING to finish of mile-and-a-half race, camels are travelling at pace about half as fast as race horses. Al-Yatima, with Jockey Sleiman up, had forged ahead at this point to win in a fast 4 minutes 30 seconds.



GRASPING CROWD admires and is amused by specially bred crotch which have been segregated from working animals to prevent crossbreeding. Pedigrees of best racers are memorized and handed from father to son.



GRASPING BACKERS of Al-Yasira lean through parliament windows to collect 150 fils for every 100 fils bet, or 40% for 20%. Jordanian betting was brisk despite government's anxiety that only a cartel knows its own mind.

CONTINUED

DOWN ON CAMEL. Jubilant rider Ouden celebrates after victory. He rode Al-Yatim, owned by wife, like an arabian, on heavy wooden saddle used by oikens for a light guany rack. His earnings came to \$45.

Photographs by Larry Burrows





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SPALDING
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UP AND UP GOES JERRIE COBB

America's foremost woman pilot used to fly a plane with a baby-blue cockpit.
Now she has become the first woman to qualify for trips into navy-blue space

by JANE RIEKER

THE foremost woman flyer in America is a soft-spoken, dimpled, pony-tailed blonde from Oklahoma named Jerrie Cobb. Now 29, she has been flying for 17 years, both for fun and for money, and she holds three world records. She has made innumerable transoceanic flights, at the controls of everything from single-engine trainers to Flying Fortresses. She may be the best woman flyer in the world; in any case, she qualified last week to be the first woman to get out of it. Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration announced that Miss Cobb had passed rigorous tests given the seven male astronauts.

Jerrie might be described as the "can-do" girl. She has ridden in rodeos, been a tennis instructor and played first base for a girls' softball team in the National Softball League. She took her first airplane ride in 1940 when she was 9 years old and soon after started trying to persuade her father, who was then an Air Corps captain, to teach her to fly. She was still so small that her mother promised her a new bicycle if she would stay out of airplanes, but when she was 12 her dad rigged blocks on the rudder pedals of his Waco biplane, put pillows on the seat and began teaching an astonishingly apt pupil.

Like a lot of other enthusiastic amateur flyers, however, Jerrie soon learned that you have to stay on the ground to earn money to put you back in the air. A year after she took her

first flying lesson she started earning her own flying money. "My first job was working for a horse ranch in Colorado for \$5 a week, which I thought was a fortune," she says. At Downton Airpark in Oklahoma City, during high school, she waxed all-metal Cessnas. Her pay was one hour's flying time per waxed plane. "I thought I had a good deal," she says. "Sometimes it would only take three days to wax a plane, and I'd come up with a whole hour's flying time."

Age of consent

When she reached her legal licensing age of 17, Jerrie already had 350 hours logged. On her 18th birthday she passed her CAA flight examinations for commercial and flight instructor's ratings. That same day she flew to an approved VA flying school in Duncan, Okla. and began teaching Korean and World War II veterans. "I earned \$2 an hour," Jerrie says. "I worked seven days a week, camped out, with eight ground school, too, teaching navigation, meteorology, aircraft and engine, civil air regulations and radio."

Jerrie also put in a year at Oklahoma College for Women. A natural athlete (she has also been runner-up in a state open golf tournament for women) Jerrie played first base for three seasons with a semipro team, known as the Sooner Queens, in the National Softball League. In fact, softball helped buy her first plane, a war-surplus Fairchild PT-23 trainer,

which she heard was for sale at Sky Ranch Airport in Denver. She hurried out to the field and \$590 changed hands. "Then I took my little bill of sale," Jerrie says, "and walked away from my airplane for a month, to go play ball in Chicago."

When the softball season was over she returned to Denver, picked up her PT-23, and flew it to Ponca City, Okla., where her family lived. She wanted a baby-blue instrument panel, so she pulled out all the instruments and rewired the entire cockpit.

To support the PT-23, Jerrie flew pipeline patrol in Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri. "You get right down on the deck," she says, "and if there's a leak you can tell by the foliage or the discolored earth. Or you can smell it as you fly along. The nastiest trick in pipeline patrolling is to find the pipeline; it's underground." She also put in six months crop-dusting.

From dusting she went to a desk job for an aircraft firm in Miami. There she met Jack Ford, president of a California international ferrying service. Ford's firm, Fleetway, Inc., was trying to deliver a fleet of small, single-engine T-6s to the Peruvian air force. The route led from Miami to Barranquilla on the coast of Colombia. "In a T-6G," Jerrie explains, "you had no gas left if you didn't hit the coast right at first." The experienced pilots of Fleetway were nervous about flying small, single-engine craft over those watery and mountainous distances; deliveries were far behind,



JERRIE AND HER DACHSHUND PLAY ON WING OF HER RECORD-BREAKING PLANE

penalty charges were mounting, two T-6Gs were ready to leave Miami and, as Jerrie puts it, "Jack had already fired some of his best pilots for refusing to fly the route."

Ford didn't like women pilots, but in the emergency Jerrie persuaded him to let her have a chance at ferrying. She quit her desk job overnight and reported on the flight line. She was to follow Ford in the other T-6G. Her first ferry job did not begin very auspiciously. As she says simply: "I couldn't start the airplane." But once started, she made it without incident as far as Ecuador, where she landed—in jail. The T-6G had Peruvian air force markings, and she was arrested as a Peruvian spy. She spent 12 days behind bars, while the U.S. consul and authorities in the States wrestled with red tape. By the time she got out Jerrie had learned more Spanish than she would in another three and a half years of South American flying. She made it to Lima too; but her new

boss didn't. He had ground-looped his plane at a stop on the way, and, as Jerrie says, "We were friends after that."

Civil Pilot Cobb

Such was the beginning of the flying experiences of the young woman who just lately has been shocked by electric needles and had ice water poured in her ears in preparation for a visit to space. She eventually became chief pilot for the South American operations of Fleetway. Once there was a forced landing on a narrow Colombian beach between the ocean and the Andes; there were several untimely weather close-ins over the jungle and an obituary in a West Indies newspaper when a T-6G, supposedly with Jerrie in it, crashed in the Caribbean. She also put in a couple of years as chief pilot for Executive Aircraft in Kansas City. In May 1957, in the Aero Commander plane which was to make her famous, she

set the world nonstop long-distance record (1,604.74 miles) for planes of the twin-engine weight class, flying from Guatemala City to Oklahoma City. That same year, in the Aero Commander, she established a new world class altitude record, 30,361 feet, and in April 1959 a new world class mark for speed, 226.148 mph. This spring, new manager of advertising and sales promotion for Aero Design & Engineering Inc., she took one of the planes on a demonstration tour from Oklahoma City to Africa, flying 13,170 miles and finally selling the plane in Tanganyika.

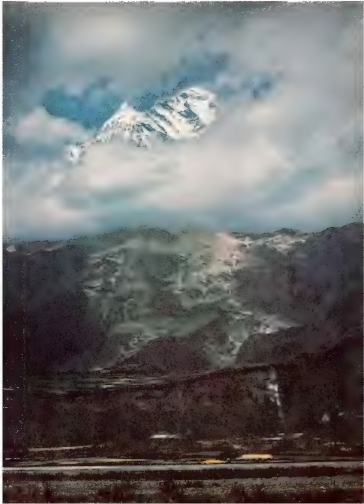
Socially, this heroic creature resembles nothing so much as a sorority alumna who has lost her way to the annual reunion. She is a thoughtful girl who reads a lot, especially poetry, and loves all music except rock 'n' roll. At home she likes to wear old shorts, and she likes to go fishing with her dachshund as a companion. She'll stand still for a social evening, and there is always a hopeful gentleman for the occasion, but with space-flight tests and all, Jerrie seems to have little time for romance. She is religious, goes to church every Sunday, and at every meal, public or otherwise, bows her head and privately asks a blessing.

She is an enthusiast for native American Indian cooking. Gourmets often assert that American Indian cookery really involved nothing more than boiling the red man's moccasins, but Jerrie says this is not so. She delights in producing amazing and authentic Chickasaw Indian dishes, vanishing for hours into the kitchen and emerging in a smoke-signal cloud of steam to serve beef, beans, corn and squash bread, with a water-lily-root salad. The salad ingredients can only be obtained by selecting the roots with one's bare toes.

Jerrie Cobb is, in short, a thoroughly feminine being, despite her adventurous background and her awesome masculine ordeal for the man-in-space project. "It is a long way from my old PT to a space capsule," she said the other day, "but flying is the bond between them, and even if I never get up there I will always be thankful to the Creator who has made it all possible." **END**

CONQUEST OF THE PEAK OF STORMS

The ultimate goal of mountaineers everywhere is the "eight-thousander," a peak above 8,000 meters, or 26,247 feet. The Himalayas have no less than 14 of them. One of the 14 is Dhaulagiri, shown here in a photograph made from the Kali Gandaki Valley. At 26,975 feet, Dhaulagiri is the sixth highest peak on earth. Known to mountaineers as "the peak of storms," it had been labeled by Lionel Terray, a member of Maurice Herzog's Annapurna team, "a fiend, absolutely unclimbable." But last May it was conquered. Part I of the story of that hard-won victory is presented in pictures and text beginning on page 35





At advance camp facing the southeast ridge, Elsieh (left) Skocylas and Dr. Hajdukewicz discuss plans



The endless job of carrying supplies finds Forrer on the icy trail between Camps 4 and 5, while at

Camp 3 (right) Sherpas Nawang Dorje and Nima Dorje (in green) prepare for next push to summit





Groping toward summit at an altitude of around 26,500 feet, members of first team pick their

cautious way along rocky ridge as wind whips clouds and snow into hidden abyss below them

PART I



World's highest peaks, including Everest (right) and the only other "eight-thousander" on earth, Dhaulagiri (left) in Nepal. Dhaulagiri (left) was reached by expeditions that attempted at Kathmandu, then approached from Pokhara.

ORDEAL ON THE APPROACHES

by Norman Dyhrenfurth and James Murray

WHEN Mount Everest, the peak of our planet at 29,028 feet, was climbed by Sir John Hunt's team in 1953, it might have occurred to the world that the romance had gone out of mountain climbing. But mountain men knew differently. Even while Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay were standing on the summit of Everest, there lay all about them other peaks which were as yet unclimbed and which had rebuffed the challenge of man even more harshly than had Everest.

One of these was Dhaulagiri, which means "white mountain" in Sanskrit. Over the past decade this giant has swept seven expeditions off its slopes and killed two men: Francisco Ibañez, an Argentine, died of frostbite and pneumonia in 1954 after his toes were amputated; Heinrich Rosas, an Austrian, disappeared down a crevasse in 1959 and froze to death before he could be extricated.

The south face of Dhaulagiri presents such a terrifying men that the

north wall, despite its black ledges, icefalls and rock ribs seems encouraging by comparison. The lower rock portion of the mountain is encircled by a belt of glaciers; the north wall is over seven miles long and, altogether, it is a pyramid of rock, ice, snow and hostility seemingly so impassable that as stoichearted a man as Maurice Herzog, who reconsidered it in 1950, was moved to abandon his attempt and tackle Annapurna instead.

Nevertheless, last spring a team was organized for an assault on Dhaulagiri by Max Kselin of Lucerne, Switzerland, with the cooperation of the government of Nepal. The Swiss members included Ernst Forrer, Jean-Jacques Roussé, Albin Schelbert, Michel Vuache, Hugo Weber. From Austria came Kurt Diemberger, from Germany Peter Diener, from Poland Dr. Georg Hajdukiewicz and Adam Skoczylas. I, who am a native of Switzerland now residing in San Diego, was to be the expedition's photographer as well as a member of the

climbing team. Here, pieced together from the entries in my journal, is the story of Dhaulagiri.

It is a mistake to say a man climbs such a mountain. Rather, a team lays siege to it. There are no Lindberghs in the sport-science of mountain climbing. A lone climber would be swatted off the face of Dhaulagiri like a fly off the doostep of God.

The members of the team who reach the summit are conquerors no more and no less than their companions who, on the deadly icefalls and snow slopes below, struggle from camp to camp with supplies. Most of the party must climb above 21,000 feet to prepare the final dash to the summit. At this altitude a man becomes less than a man. His senses are dulled, his breathing is unrelieved pain. Only vertigal intelligence and cunning keep him alive. In this limbo of life he is sustained only by his obsession, a striving no lower animal could understand, to get to the top.

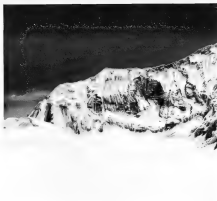
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Dhaulagiri, the highest unrocaled peak in the world, presented a challenge of the first priority which called for the utmost of careful preparation. Our attack on Dhaulagiri was to be distinguished by two major innovations: first, an airplane would be used to fly men and equipment to the higher slopes; second, no oxygen equipment would be used, even in the final assault.

The plane we used, by unique permission of the Nepalese government, was a Pilatus PC-6 Porter, built in Switzerland, with an American Lycoming engine. Specially constructed for high-altitude landing, it had a low stalling speed and a landing gear equipped with wheels for ground and skis for snow. The wheels could be lifted hydraulically onto the skis. It was to be piloted by Ernst Saxer and copiloted by Emil Wick, an aeromechanic, and our group quickly christened it the *Yeti*, the local name for the Abominable Snowman.

We arranged to meet at Katmandu the capital of Nepal, on March 18, well ahead of the monsoons which, in early June, swirl up from the Indian Ocean and shroud the Himalayas in suffocating snow. Katmandu, cool after the heat and mosquitoes of India, is 4,270 feet high, a footstool to the towering Himalayas. It is a city seething with intrigue. Red Chinese, Russians, Americans and British mingle in the dining room of the Hotel Royal, weaving plots and counterplots. The first time I was in Katmandu, in 1952, there were only four Americans there. Now hundreds were visiting or stationed in this important gateway between India, Red China and Red Tibet. The Nepalese, once the shyest people in the world, are today trying as rapidly as possible to bridge the gap between their archaic, isolated kingdom and the 20th century. An American official holding a reception must, by new but rigid custom, invite a certain number of Nepalese, presumably to encourage cultural acclimatization.

On March 20 Max Kiselin, Albin Schellert, Peter Diener and Hugo Weber flew into Katmandu on our expedition plane. The excitement was great. Newsmen, officials and some 20,000 people came out to the parade grounds to see the plane, and it



ROUTE UP THE MOUNTAIN started from Daga Col, out of sight at right, where expedition's airplane landed to establish acclimatization camp. Advance guard was then flown above the tortuous higher approaches to Camp 2 on Northeast Col.

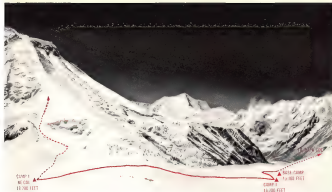
took six jeeps to keep them in check.

The rest of the expedition came by boat from Europe to Bombay and by truck from there to Bhairwa near the India-Nepal border. Bhairwa was to be our staging area for the invasion of Dhaulagiri, but it proved to be ill-suited for that purpose. The heat and mosquitoes were terrible and the wind absolutely infamous. It damaged the landing gear of the *Yeti* on its first setbacks and roughed up the plane even when it was tied to the ground. Finally, Kiselin decided the expedition would have to move to Pokhara, in the interior of Nepal, and use that town as our jumping-off spot.

Because we would use the plane for transport the expedition leaders felt they would not need many Sherpas, those indomitable porter-climbers of Tibetan origin whose services have always been so indispensable to the glittering conquests of the Himalayas' eight-thousanders. Our Dhaulagiri expedition employed only seven Sherpas for 11 climbers, a remarkably small number considering that in the 1953 Everest assault 36 Sherpas were used, and 50 participated in the Indian Everest climb this year.

The plan was to fly men and supplies directly to a level of 15,000 feet. From there, after an acclimatization period of about three weeks, we would mount the main attack. Once acclimatized (climbers must get accustomed to the thin air of high altitudes just as skin-divers must adjust to the great pressures of the depths), the men would make minor ascents up to 18,000 feet while the plane would seek out a landing place at a higher level where an advance base camp could be established for the main business of the climb.

On the 29th of March the first flight took off to penetrate into Dhaulagiri, with the two pilots and Kiselin, Diemberger and Ferra aboard. They were unable to find a place to land at 15,000 feet. After a search they finally found a snow field in a gentle pass 17,864 feet high, known as Daga Col to the natives. Kurt Diemberger and Ernst Ferra were left there to acclimatize. Max came back down on the *Yeti*, which made another flight that same day with supplies. Every day thereafter two or three flights were made to Daga Col.



When plane crashed climbers were isolated in both camps, with most vitally needed equipment at the now impractical camp at Dapa Col. In a drastic revision of strategy expedition leaders

scrapped out a foot route and laboriously carried supplies from Dapa Col to base camp at 11,400 feet, then through icefall and snowfields to Camp 2, where the final assault could be mounted.

Dr. Georg Hajdukiewicz and I, both with previous experience of high-altitude climbing in the Himalayas, were afraid that Dapa Col would prove to be too high for proper acclimatization, that the transition from the valley was too abrupt. So indeed it proved to be. Ernst and Kurt, who were certain they could take the altitude, found themselves unable to move, unpack, cook or even eat for the first few days. When the Yeti circled their camp on its subsequent supply flights they could not even come out of their tents to meet the plane. The pilots had to try and rescue them, sometimes without success. Nevertheless, the rest of the party were flown up and left there to acclimatize.

ON April 2 I went up on the second flight of the day with Michel Vaucher. Peter Diener, who had gone two days before, was in such bad shape that he had to be brought down again. Adam Skocnylas was unconscious and had to be carried to the plane for the trip back. As for myself, for a few hours I felt fine. I took pictures. The weather and the sunset

were exquisite, and I began to think I had been wrong. Then the headaches started. Dr. Hajdukiewicz, the physician in our party, gave us pills of various kinds. They did not help. Next came the terrific thirst. All of us, even the Sherpas, were too sick to make tea. Dehydration is a threat in the high mountains, where one must have from three to four quarts of liquid a day.

Over the next days most of us lost everything we tried to eat or drink. We spent a good part of the day in sleeping bags. Headaches were awful. It was quite apparent that our acclimatization camp was too high. Two of the Sherpas, Nima Tenzing and Urkien, caught pneumonia. Some of us had to be flown down to Pokhara. The expedition appeared a shambles.

Nevertheless, Kurt and Ernst did become acclimatized, and on April 4 the first flight was undertaken to establish an advance base camp higher up the mountain. A promising site at 13,700 feet on a broad snow valley below the northeast ridge of Dhaulagiri had been located. Here, on the pass called Northeast Col, the Yeti established not only a camp but a world

record for high-altitude landings.

On April 5 after my third night of headaches, vomiting and insatiable thirst, my camera stopped working. The Bolex movie camera froze up completely, and I decided to return to Pokhara and then to Kathmandu for repairs. I flew down with Max Elsielein, the expedition leader, who complained of chills and aches. Once down, I had a bath (in four inches of water) and a Scotch (the first thing I was able to keep down) and after a few hours began to feel human again.

I sent my cameras by courier to Calcutta with instructions for their delivery to the American consulate for repair. Nearly a week passed without news of them, so on April 11 I flew to Calcutta myself, rescued them from the consulate where they had been "tabled," and rushed them to a photo repair shop.

On April 13 I returned to Pokhara. My good friend the Sherpa Ang Dawa, who had been with me on my three previous Himalayan expeditions, greeted me. "Did you hear the bad news?" he asked. "Our airplane is finished." It turned out that shortly

continues on

after dawn that day, an explosion occurred soon after the take-off of the Yeti and a cylinder head blew off. Oil spattered all over the windshield, and Ernst Saxer, Emil and Adam were barely able to land.

This seemed a near-fatal blow to the expedition. A new engine would have to be flown in from Switzerland, a delivery that might require a

tical as a base camp for an assault on foot. The equipment would have to be brought down to the new base camp and then up the other side. In effect, we had to start all over in the old, slow way.

We spent the night hiring coolies, and on the morning of April 14 Ernst Saxer, our pilot, four coolies, the Sherpa Ang Dawa and I set out for the acclimatization camp on Dapa Col. Adam and a Nepalese liaison

supplies from there. Meanwhile, the seven men at the advance base camp on Northeast Col—Ernst Forrer, Karl Dienerberger, Albin Scheibert and four Sherpas—were to be urged to press the assault on the mountain. When we reached them, we could then support their climb to the summit and, if acclimatized ourselves, still have time to make our try.

We began our race against time and the mountain tease but not depleted. In the beginning it was just a walk up a fairly easy and broad valley, but the heat was considerable, and I began to get blisters on my heels for the first time I can remember. We were packing very sizable loads, and the boots I had to use were too heavy for the long approach marches.

THE people we met were marvelous, as they always are. The Nepalese are known among climbers as "the smiling people," and they greet you with hands folded in steeple fashion, like acolytes in a European cathedral. At night they gathered silently around our camps. They are used to expeditions passing through and cheerfully provided lodging and tea.

We climbed steadily, past the little half-Hindu, half-Buddhist villages with prayer flags flying and prayer wheels whirling. Once we passed at a glacier river where I took a swim. We passed files of Tibetan refugees. Often, Ang Dawa would disappear into a house and come out winking at me and asking, "Chang?" Chang is Sherpa bear, very good sometimes, not so good at other times.

We would go uphill as high as 9,600 feet and then down as low as 4,000 feet. The days crept by. I began to dream all day long of beer—a foaming beaker of dark, cool Löwenbräu. In the evening light we could make out the outline of Dhaulagiri and Tukucho Peak. On our right was the huge tower of Annapurna, with the ever-present cumulus cloud that boils and swirls around it. Once we bought a chicken for seven rupees and roasted it. I lost it soon after eating it.

Dhaulagiri became more and more distinct. We saw the icefall of the east glacier, very steep, very heavily crevassed, very dangerous-looking. What seemed so white and pure and serene from a distance became menacing as we approached the mountain. That was the route, a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



Climbers had to carry crushing loads after plane crash put an end to this 4,000-foot mountain stages.

month. There simply wasn't time: the monsoon season was creeping ever closer. We had no choice but to forget the plane and revise our assault plan drastically and instantly. This meant setting up an entirely different route of approach, a supply line on foot instead of by air. It meant establishing a base camp at the foot of the perilous and difficult icefall which we had bypassed with the airplane and pushing through the icefall to Northeast Col. Our camp on Dapa Col would have to be evacuated because, having been picked for its virtues as a landing field, it now proved im-

possible set out on another route with 14 coolies. We were to join up at our base camp.

The others, of course, were still on the mountain, ignorant of the disaster to the plane. We had no communication with them, but before we left we requested All-India Radio to broadcast periodic messages telling of the plight of our plane and encouraging the men at the Dapa Col acclimatization camp—who now included Max Elselin, Peter Diener, Hugo Weber, Michel Vaucher, Jean-Jacques Roussel and Georg Hajdukiewicz, good climbers all—to begin to remove the

Seesaw on Bulls

A veteran from the East and a rookie from the West are fighting for the cowboy title

NOT since Jim Shoulders began his phenomenal domination of the rodeo world in 1956 has the race for the World Champion All Around Cowboy title been as open and as hotly contested as it is right now. In the early months of the season the lead has swung back and forth between Harry Tompkins, a skillful veteran who, surprisingly enough, was born and brought up in the East, and Bob A. Robinson, a comparative rookie from Rockland, Idaho.

The All Around Cowboy championship is determined by the amount of money won in two or more events, and Tompkins first took the lead for the title with big winnings at Denver in the beginning of the year. By July, which features more than 100 rodeos on the calendar, the standings were changing day by day. In the tough Calgary (Alberta) Stampede, Robinson managed to maintain a slight lead, but at the end Tompkins was only \$542 away.

Both cowboys then took to the air, with Robinson dominating between the Nampa, Idaho and Salinas, California rodeos, and Tompkins flying between Salinas, Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. And while Robinson slumped and earned only \$778 in steer wrestling, Tompkins, riding bulls and bareback horses, won \$4,489 in prize money in five days, thus setting a new rodeo record.

Born in Peekskill, N.Y., Harry Tompkins is the only New Yorker ever to become a top rodeo contestant. He began working on an upstate dude ranch when he was 15 years old and competed at his first professional rodeo at Rochester in 1946 at the age of 18. He followed that with third-

place day money—\$352—at Madison Square Garden, which then had the richest rodeo purse in the world. A year later, while in the service, he tried it again, and on a 30-day pass he cleaned up \$1,800 at New York and Boston.

"After that, I just kept on re-riding," he says. What he actually did was to startle the rodeo world by winning Denver in January, Houston in February and Phoenix in March, winding up as bull riding champion. Since then, he has won five world championships, including the All Around Cowboy title in 1952.

Tompkins last fall came back from a six-month layoff caused by a serious knee injury to qualify for competition at the National Finals Rodeo

—the year-end battle for championships between the top 15 contestants in each event. He finished 11th in the bull riding standings, the lowest of his long rodeo career. This year, however, he has had the right combination of luck and skill—drawing good stock, and not wasting any of it.

Robinson, Rookie of the Year in 1957, was born and still lives in the heart of the northwest rodeo country. He is one of those rare cowboys who excel in a number of events. After Cheyenne he was in first place for the steer wrestling championship, ranked ninth in the saddle bronc standings and is 11th among the bareback riders. He has won money riding bulls more than once and occasionally has placed in roping, too. Robinson's midseason winnings already equal his 1959 total.

After Harry Tompkins' July winning streak, Robinson got his best single opportunity to catch up at the Cheyenne Frontier Days, where he entered in the bareback riding, saddle bronc and steer wrestling events. Cheyenne is the biggest of the summer rodeos, with 300 professional cowboys competing for \$51,710 in two Go-Rounds. He got off to a good

continued



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RODEO *continued*

start in his specialty, steer wrestling, dowsing his first steer in 12.7 seconds for \$150 and second place. His second Go-Round time of 17.4 seconds put him in a first-place tie going into the finals—an extra Go-Round on the last day of the rodeo for the 15 men with the best time on two steers. Robinson stood to win some \$1,300 more.

The "score," or head start, given a steer varies at different rodeos, and at Cheyenne it is 30 feet, one of the longest in the country. Robinson broke from the chutes, raced down the arena, jumped his steer in perfect form, and threw him in an amazing 9.5 seconds—by far the fastest time of the rodeo. The crowd roared. But his quick burst from the chutes had been a split-second too early. The judges signaled he had broken the barrier, starting before the steer had crossed the 30-foot score line. He automatically drew a 10-second penalty and was put out of the money altogether. So Tompkins again took the lead, his winnings for the year boosted at Cheyenne to \$21,542, some \$3,980 ahead of Robinson.

While Tompkins and Robinson battled for rodeo's top title, defending champion Jim Shoulders won enough to place among the leading 10 title contenders for the first time this year. Shoulders was seriously injured at Houston in March, suffering 17 facial bone fractures when he was thrown forward on a bull. In spite of a badly broken nose, he began competing again one month after surgery. "I never did hang on with my nose anyway," he told the doctor. His winnings were sporadic until mid-July. Then he suddenly regained the championship form that has made him unbeatable for the past four years. In one weekend he spurred his way right back into the running, winning over \$3,390.

For Shoulders, it is probably too late to catch up—he is more than \$10,000 behind the leaders—though with an estimated \$1.5 million yet to be won at some 260 professional rodeos, a top cowboy can add as much as \$12,000 or \$14,500 to his winnings. Tompkins and Robinson, however, cannot rest easy. Ahead are Pendleton, Omaha, Little Rock—any one of which could bring a new man to the top of the list.

The capital moves to the Coast

Los Angeles withstood a strong New York finish to win the first intercity bridge match

FOR YEARS it has been presumed that New York was the bridge capital of the U.S. The presumptuous ones, I am afraid, were New Yorkers, for last week eight Angelenos produced some rather convincing credentials of their own. Never once behind during the 89-board match in Los Angeles, they upset favored New York in the first intercity tournament for the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* trophy and, temporarily at least, the title of capital rests in their city.

The two teams will meet again in New York this November, and if Los Angeles continues to play the strong bridge it displayed on the Pacific Coast there will be no city to dispute its claim—unless it is Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia, Miami, or Dallas-Fort Worth. All have challenged the winner and nobody knows where it will stop. Peoria, perhaps?

The title may, of course, go right back to New York. There were a few moments in Los Angeles when it appeared that it would never leave. True, the Los Angeles team of Lew Mathe, Meyer Schleifer, Ira Rubin, Ivan Erdos, Oliver Adams, William Hanna, Harold Guiver and Edwin Kantar got off to a magnificent lead. After 26 boards it had 40 International Match Points to New York's 19. After 40 boards the lead was increased to 60-38, and after 60, the three-quarter point, it was 89-41.

But suddenly things began to happen. Trailing by 115-81, the New Yorkers—Mrs. Helen Sobel, Peter Leventritt, Howard Schenkon, Tobias Stone, George Rapco, John Crawford, Alfred Sheinwald and Edgar Kaplan

—won 1 IMP on the 75th board. (They could have made 5 if it had not been for an overenthusiastic slam bid.) Los Angeles, to the increasing discomfort of their 440 followers at the Ambassador Hotel, never won another point. On the 76th, New York gained 4. Then along came board 77 and the only grand slam of the match.

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠	K J 9	♠	Q T 5 4
♥	K J 5	♥	10 6
♦	10 9 8 2	♦	4
♣	K 4 2	♣	A J 10 8 5 3

WEST		EAST	
♠	10 6 3 2	♠	Q T 5 4
♥	5 6 2	♥	10 6
♦	8 5	♦	4
♣	Q 9 7 6	♣	A J 10 8 5 3

SOUTH		NORTH	
♠	A 8	♠	10 6 3 2
♥	A Q 7 4 3	♥	5 6 2
♦	A K Q J 7 5	♦	8 5
♣	none	♣	Q 9 7 6

WEST (Rubin)	NORTH (Erdos)	EAST (Adams)	SOUTH (Crawford)
PASS	PASS	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	3 NT	PASS	4 ♠
PASS	5 ♠	PASS	7 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening four-spade 2

Crawford's opening two-club bid was artificial and showed a big hand. Stone's three no-trump response indicated close to a maximum pass, including strength in all four suits. Therefore, after Stone raised diamonds, Crawford felt reasonably sure that he would find enough in spades and hearts to take care of all his possible losers. Another factor that obviously governed Crawford's thinking was the score. He knew his side had to pick up a flock of points in a hurry or resign itself to defeat. He didn't hesitate to bid the grand slam.

continued



JOHN CRAWFORD led with two grand slam, gained 750 points for New York.



MEYER SCHLEIFER, with prescriptive bid, helped bluff New York out of slam.



FLANNING COMMENTATORS, CAPTAINS WALDEMAR VON DESTWITZ AND KOLJET PETERSSON HEAR DORSH (CENTER) DESCRIBE PLAY

CARDS continued

At the other table South for Los Angeles had opened with only one diamond and in spite of North's two no-trump response stopped at six diamonds. As a result, New York gained 750 points for 7 IMPs.

New York paraded away 3 more IMPs on board 78, 4 on board 79, and 6 on the final board of the match. But for New York it was a case of too little and too late. The Pacific Coast stars staggered to victory with the final score 115 to 106.

A fascinated capacity audience (1,500 saw the four sessions) followed the home team with avid and partisan interest, but the crowd was generous with its applause of the New Yorkers' defense in the following deal.

East-West vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH			
♠ Q J 9 3			
♥ 6 4			
♦ J 9 8 4			
♣ 9 5 3			
WEST		EAST	
♠ A 6 4		♠ 10 8 3 2	
♥ 9 8 7		♥ K J 2	
♦ A Q 9 7 5		♦ K 3 2	
♣ A 3		♣ K 7 3	
SOUTH			
♠ K 7			
♥ A Q 10 3 3			
♦ K			
♣ Q J 9 8 4 2			
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Captains)	(Dealers)	(Dealers)	(Dealers)
PASS	PASS	3♥	DOUB.
PASS	3♠	2♣	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of clubs

After winning the ace of trumps, Schenken continued with the 8. Dummy played low and Rapee withheld the king and forced declarer to win the trick in his hand. South led the spade king and now it was Schenken's turn to duck.

South cashed the ace of hearts and led another heart, won by East's jack. Rapee cashed the club king and edited with the diamond deuce. The defenders collected two clubs, two hearts, one spade and one diamond to put the contract down one.

In the other room Peter Leventritt and Helen Sobel played the North-South cards at two clubs undoubled with Leventritt making three-odd. The first two tricks were the same, but then West won the king of spades with his ace. This permitted dummy to gain the lead with a spade and let declarer take a heart finesse.

What really won the tournament for the West Coast players was their aggressive bidding early in the match. When it succeeded, as it did in the first-day hand (above right), they gained a confidence that stayed with them to the end.

Bold bidding by Los Angeles told the story of this slam deal. After Rubin opened with the weak two-diamond bid, Erdos used a Blackwood four no-trump bid to discover that his partner held an ace, as shown by the five-diamond response. Erdos thereupon bid six diamonds.

South won the opening spade lead and returned the heart 10. The jack, king and ace completed the trick. After considerable cogitation, Rubin played for a break in clubs, drawing the trumps and cashing the ace-king

East-West vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH			
♠ K 9 7 6 5 2			
♥ K 5			
♦ J 8			
♣ 10 5 2			
WEST		EAST	
♠ J 3		♠ K	
♥ Q J 6		♥ A 7 4 3	
♦ A Q 9 7 6 2		♦ K 5 3	
♣ 9 5		♣ A K J 7 4	
SOUTH			
♠ A Q 10 4			
♥ 10 9 8 2			
♦ 10 4			
♣ Q 5 3			
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Trumps)	(Dealers)	(Dealers)	(Dealers)
PASS	3♥	PASS	4NT.
PASS	3♠	PASS	5♦
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade 7

of clubs, then ruffing a third round. With the club suit established, the slam was easy.

In the other room Shelnwald passed with the West hand and Mathis opened North with two spades. Kaplan (East) doubled and Schleifer's mild pre-emptive raise to three spades could not keep Shelnwald from bidding diamonds. But Kaplan could do no more than bid five. Missing the slam cost the New Yorkers 750 points, or 7 IMPs.

Thus the bridge capital of the U.S. moves to California, if, indeed, it wasn't always there. We will know better about that after the return match in New York and the challenges from other cities. The capital may change more often than a rent jumper's address.

ENR



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A case of sore shins

**Hail to Reason's life again
raise the question of whether
2-year-olds are overrated**

UNTIL THE KINOSIS of the Saratoga Special last week, most U.S. horsemen were agreed that the best 2-year-old in the country was a big and still-growing brown colt called Hail to Reason. This long stride, who likes to wheel around his fields and smother them in the run to the wire, is owned by a very pretty young lady named Patrice Jacobs.

He is also trained by Patrice's father, that bright-faced redhead Hirsch Jacobs, who at 55 has trained more winners than anyone in all racing history. This spring he hit the 3,000 mark.

Hirsch Jacobs says that Hail to Reason is the best colt he has ever had. But in the Saratoga Special, after winning five stakes and \$170,049 in 16 starts, Hail to Reason was upset by Bronzerullah and finished a dismal sixth. Later, Jacobs said his beaten favorite had developed shin soreness in both front legs and that his status as a starter in this Saturday's traditional Saratoga Hopeful was questionable.

If he does not get to the starting gate, there will be many horsemen to say that the race is irrelevant when it comes to selecting the season's juvenile champion. And if he does, there will be just as many to protest that the American weakness for excessive racing of 2-year-olds is the main reason so many potential top runners break down.

However, virtually all trainers agree on one point: there is no relationship between the number of times a horse starts and his chances of incurring a case of sore shins or bucking

continued

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HORSE RACING continued

his shins outright. Shin ailments can occur at any time—or never. They are not symptomatic of an approaching breakdown. (The horseman's term "bucked shins" indicates inflammation of the under layers of skin covering the cannon bone of the foreleg. Humans also experience shin trouble after much running or jumping on a hard surface.)

Yet it is undeniable that the 2-year-old animal, at least a year away from maturity and strength, is most susceptible to leg bone injuries of all sorts. If 74% of Thoroughbreds buck their shins at some point in their racing careers, at least half of them do it in their first season—that 2-year-old year when most owners and trainers want to find out quickly how good a runner they've got.

Serious injury is possible

Most trainers faced with shin trouble prefer to wait six to eight weeks before racing again. The great danger in running a horse with sore or bucked shins is that in favoring the leg that hurts he may put extra pressure on a good leg. This invites far more serious and lasting injury, such as a bowed tendon. When that happens, a good horse may be lost for a long time or forever.

Horses that race in England and France have less shin trouble than ours do because they are raced lightly when young. Also, a grass course affords more spring and protective cushioning for the runner's feet. American racing can never turn exclusively to turf courses. But, at the same time, it seems a pity that year after year more and more of our young stock falls away after one season. Colts never get the chance for which they were originally bred: to be tested for speed and stamina over classic distances. Instead, they are put to making in money in short races at the tender age of 2.

If Hall to Reason is not sore for this Saturday's Hopeful, he should win. But the competition from Bronze-Rallah and the stretch-running Chinchilla will be severe. Later this fall the invaders from Chicago will arrive—Pappa's All, Crosier, Beau Prince and Songman. The pretracted 2-year-old racing season, which then ought to be finished, will, in effect, just be starting.

END



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PEAK OF STORMS

continued from page 28

dangerous, almost suicidal one, tried by the French in 1958.

On the seventh night we camped at 13,580 feet. At 11 a.m. the following day our coolies could go no farther: there was too much snow. Because our equipment was on Dapa Col we had no shoes or warm clothing to give them. Also, a man becomes snow-blind in 10 minutes without sunglasses, sometimes even at night.

We paid them off, deposited what equipment we could not carry, and the four of us—Ang Dawa, Sun Bahadur, Ernst Saxer and I—headed up toward Dapa Col. Every five minutes Sun Bahadur dropped in the snow and started to fall asleep. He would not wake up unless I yanked him to his feet and prodded him. The altitude began to fatigue all of us.

At 6 o'clock on April 21 we finally reached Dapa Col. All our friends—Max, Michel, Peter, Jean-Jacques, Hugo, Georg, the Sherpas—were there. I fell into my tent and sat for half an hour just staring in front of me. We had made it in eight days from Pokhara.

Max and the others had not received the radio messages. They had guessed that the plane was out of action but expected that Ernst Wink would be able to make repairs. Now they, too, realized that we would have to work our way up the mountain.

Six men—Michel, Peter, Jean-Jacques, Hugo and two Sherpas—set out with loads to prepare the new base camp at the foot of the icefall. On the 23rd of April Saxer volunteered to return to Pokhara just in case the plane had been repaired. We agreed it was a good idea, although we all had written off the plane. Ernst started down with Sun Bahadur, and two Sherpas were sent down to bring up the loads we had had to abandon earlier. Max Ebelin, who wanted to expedite the plane repair, also left, expressing the conviction that we had enough ability and experience to run the show without him.

On the morning of April 24, shortly before 7 a.m., Hugo, Jean-Jacques, Peter and Michel left to go down to the Mayagdi Glacier. They were to prepare the route from the new base camp up the icefall to the advance base camp at Northeast Col.

An icefall is the steepest part of the glacier, a frozen waterfall of towers, fissures and traps. The icefall guarding Dhaulagiri is a bad one, as bad or worse than the Khumbu icefall which guards the approaches to Everest.

The next few days were occupied with the time-consuming but necessary business of shuttling supplies from Dapa Col to the new base camp at 15,400 feet. The weather was unspookable. Clouds, fog and the snow swirled around us even in the mornings, which is unusual for this time of the year.



AUTHOR-CLIMBER

Norman Dyhrenfurth, a Swiss-born citizen of San Diego, is one of the foremost experts on the Himalayas. Son of a pioneer explorer of those great peaks, he arrived in the U.S. in 1938, became a climbing and skiing instructor on both coasts as well as an authority as a documentary photographer. He instructed in this field at UCLA, then directed the team which filmed the development of the Atlas missile at Convair Astronautics. He has participated in four Himalayan expeditions.

Although the failure of the plane had made the ascent more arduous for some of us, at least we had Kurt, Albin and Ernst Forrer on Northeast Col preparing a route toward the summit up the steep northeast ridge.

On the 25th Adam and a Gurkha porter met us down at base camp, and that night we slept 11 people in four small tents. The next morning Peter and Hugo began to pick their way up the icefall to Northeast Col. The expedition was once again properly deployed. We were no longer scattered from Northeast Col to Dapa Col to Pokhara to Calcutta. We had a line of supplies coming up from Dapa Col to the base camp, and the beginning of

a line up to Northeast Col. It still remained for some of us to go down to the Mayagdi Valley, below the timberline at 12,100 feet, to bring up loads left there by the coolies from Pokhara—a backbreaking business.

The scenery, for the few moments we could pause to enjoy it, was fantastic. The plume of snow from Dhaulagiri extended miles into the dark blue sky. Standing on Dhaulagiri's glacier, the landscape around us seemed more threatening and dramatic than the Everest region. We looked for the grave of Roim, the Austrian who stepped out of his tent near Northeast Col and fell down a hidden crevasse. At the timberline depot area at 13,100 feet we found, cut in the birch trees, the seal of the 1954 Argentinean expedition whose leader, Ibáñez, died in Katmandu.

Now we finally established communications with the men at the advance base camp on Northeast Col. Two of them, with Sherpas, came to help us with supplies, and we were able to clarify the position of the expedition and orient ourselves. This was our situation: we had a supply depot at the timberline, Camp 1 halfway up the glacier and Camp 2, the advance base camp, on Northeast Col. With luck we would need only three or, at most, four more camps to reach the summit: Camp 3 at 21,550 feet, Camp 4 at 23,180 feet, Camp 5 at 24,400 and Camp 6 at 25,698. Our information at this point was that Camp 5 had been established on top of the ice ridge. Camp 6 would have to be 1,260 feet or so below the summit, close enough to climb and return in a day. On May 1, then, we were almost as far as the Austrian expedition was the previous year on May 28.

On May 5 I was just preparing to make another foray back to Dapa Col for food, film and cameras when suddenly I heard the low, familiar hum of the Yeti flying very high. It didn't see us because the base camp, with its yellow tents, was hard to pick out from the yellowish rocks of the terminal moraine. We watched it proceed toward Northeast Col, where it apparently landed. We saw it again flying back to Dapa Col, where we assumed the Yeti would pick up supplies and return to Northeast Col. I remember we cheered.

The next morning, as we were climbing up to the glacier camp, we kept looking and listening for the

Yeti, but it never came. We didn't know it then (we guessed it as the days went by and jet search planes appeared), but the Yeti had crashed again, this time with finality.

MUCH later, Pilot Ernst Saxon told me what had happened: "With our plane repaired," he said, "we left Pokhara on May 5 with Emil Wick and Max Eiselin aboard. We made our 17th landing on North-east Col. Weather conditions were favorable. There was no wind, the surface of the snow was firm, the sun shone gloriously.

"We deposited Eiselin and took off for Dapa Col to pick up additional supplies. We landed perfectly on Dapa Col. It seemed like child's play.

"We loaded up again. As soon as the last piece was stowed away, we strapped ourselves in, and I opened the throttle. On the hard surface the plane gathered speed faster than usual. After 500 feet, we left the ground. I pulled the stick back to climb, and suddenly there was nothing but an empty rubber sleeve in my hand. The stick had worked loose from the sleeve and snapped forward. Before I had a chance to grab it, there was a crashing, splintering noise. All vision was blotted out by a cloud of snow. We had crashed.

"Miraculously, we were unhurt. We leaped out. The Yeti had come to rest on its skis, but it was plastered against a low hill. The propeller was twisted and bent. The wing tips were beken and bent upwards. Part of the rudder was torn off. The ship was beyond repair, and at that altitude we could not have concentrated on the job anyway. It meant hiking out.

"We found some chocolate and dried fruit in the supplies. We had no sleeping bags. When the sun went down the wind came up, and the temperature dropped below freezing. We tried to wrap ourselves in duffel bags, but we were unable to sleep. The lack of oxygen paralyzed our brains so that whenever I felt the need to turn over on my side it would take at least half an hour to translate the decision to my muscles.

"We decided the only way we could get out was to scramble down to the valley. The next morning we wrote a report describing the accident in detail and attached it to the tent poles. After descending 1,600 feet, we heard search planes. We threw our rucksacks in the snow and waved our wind jackets. Fifteen minutes later a jet, an Indian Air Force Canberra, flew across our trail.

"The descent was especially tough on Emil, who back home abhorred all

types of exercise. He climbed down the mountain ridges backwards. Our main concern was not to lose our way. Many of the steep Himalayan gorges afford only one tiny way out, and if one cannot find it one is apt to be a prisoner of this wilderness forever. When we reached the lower regions we were able to orient ourselves by the yak dung left there by the shepherds' animals.

"We wanted to get out before nightfall because there are bears and snow leopards in the area. After 12 hours of backbreaking descent, we reached the Kali Gandaki Valley and the village of Teskucho."

This, then, was the end of the Yeti. Our advance camps were being set up, but the advance party would be helpless before Dhaulagiri without adequate supplies. We were now in a foot race to prevent our carefully planned assault from turning into another victory for that howling white tyrant above us.

NEXT WEEK

The race against the monsoon . . . a daring strike fails in the legend Dhaulagiri's fury . . . terror in a crevasse . . . tension rises the summit . . . a double triumph over the peak of storms



Receding snow reveals signs which hint, channel the search for Yeti, today he's on the edge of the world



FLOATING A LOAN or losing a Thompson? The thought for Irish-born Doyle came in 1944. Jack Doyle was always

creating problems and solved them. Campbell, partner and son, now president Doyle still hasn't lost his touch.

GOLDEN TRIUMPHS OF THE GORGEOUS GAEL

by Patrick Campbell

THE CARNATION WAS still in position, and the dark-blue pin-stripe suit was holding up well in its maturity. A hint of silver in the sideburns added a new and effective touch to his immeasurable dignity.

"Ah, there, Pat," said Jack Doyle, Irish heavyweight boxer, singer and wrestler. "Still keeping fit, I see."

Both of us might have been 20 pounds overweight. "Not too bad, Jack," I said and, having come in through one door of the pub, started out the other.

He laid on my arm the great hand that had stretched so many novices before his matchmakers became too ambitious. "You're just the chap," said Jack. "I wanted to see." Retaining his grip with the right hand, he beckoned to the barman with the other. "Some attention for Sir Patrick," he said, the Oxford, Cambridge and Mayfair amalgam of accents more clipped than ever.

On the bar in front of him was a half glass of what might possibly have been virgin Coke. "Throw another rum in there, old boy," he said to the barman. I ordered a beer for myself, and paid for both of them, while Jack adjusted the handkerchief in his sleeve.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I'm just a shade jittery." His smile mocked, affectionately, the frailty of humankind. "I got into a little game of cards last night with two girls, and no good came of it at all."

"I'm crippled myself," I said quickly. "Two odds-on favorites down the pipe."

"I know how it is," said Jack with equal speed and went on to reveal the greater size of his own emergency. During the game it seemed that he'd been compelled to write a check for £50 without, in the heat of the play,

having had time to reveal that he was temporarily an undischarged bankrupt and therefore not in a position to make so large a gesture.

Alarmed by the seriousness of the matter, I indicated that £50 was exactly the sum that I owed in back rent and was now unable to pay.

"Money's very tight," Jack agreed with sympathy and explained how tight it was. A detective inspector in Scotland Yard—one of his best friends—had heard of the check incident and was now suggesting in the friendliest way that arrest might follow unless recompense could be made within 24 hours. "But the trouble is," said Jack, giving me a look of concern, "I'm leaving on a wrestling tour of Germany in the morning, and I won't be able to go unless this little matter is cleared up."

With the ease of men accustomed to dealing in large sums of money we negotiated past £25, down through £10 and £5, and finally settled for £1, which would enable Jack to take a taxi to Stamford Bridge dog track where—as he'd just remembered—a bookmaker owed him £150. At that moment I remembered something, too. I had £28 in ones in my wallet, which I'd just drawn as expenses from my newspaper. I was, however, in safe hands. Jack, perceiving there'd been a hitch and guessing at its origin, turned to look away. "Isn't that Lady Duff Cooper over there?" he said in his social voice. By the time he looked back I'd been able to peel a single unit off my roll and make the transfer, with proper regrets that I was unable to contribute a larger loan.

"At any rate," I said, "the best of luck in Germany." "Thanks, old chap," said Jack. "I hope to put up a

continued

good show," he added, modestly overlooking the fact that he'd just put on one fully up to standard, containing all the ingredients which had made me one of his fans during his fighting years.

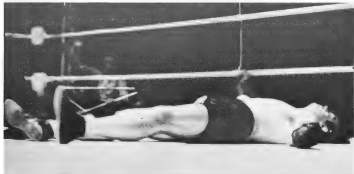
Of all the fighters I have known, in fact, Jack Doyle was the one with the most highly developed talent for turning actual defeat into apparent victory, while making it seem at the same time that this was the only just and fair result. It was a technique seen in its finest flower at Harringay Arena in north London, just after the end of the war, where he was billed as Jack Doyle, the Gorgeous Gael, Heavyweight Wrestling Champion of All-Ireland, without—according to the more exact records—having been involved in the sport before. His drawing power as a boxer had, however, been terminated by Eddie Phillips, who knocked him stiff inside 30 seconds at White City in 1938, after Jack had kept a large audience waiting for 20 minutes, until chartered accountants had been able to present him with a convincing estimate of his share of the gate. After that he retired to Ireland, where he appeared at the Theatre Royal in Dublin in a double singing act with his Mexican wife, Movita, that often provoked infighting as fiery as anything we had seen in the ring. Unfortunately, when the war was over, Movita decided to retire alone to Mexico, leaving the singer-fighter, as usual, just this side of the rocks.

Without the boost of her penetrating soprano Jack's own light tenor voice scarcely reached beyond the third row of the orchestra. There was only one thing to do, and that was to climb into the ring again, but this time, in view of the number of people who remembered the brevity of the old one, with a brand-new fighting act. It was the birth of the Gorgeous Gael. He was well

matched in his first contest. His opponent was Eddie Phillips, his former conqueror under the Queensberry Rules, a man who had not tried his hand at wrestling either.

Eddie Phillips was first into the ring, wearing thick black wooden tights and looking peevish at being taken away from his East End pub at the busiest hour of the evening. He waited alone in his corner for a long time, but there was no sign of the Gael. We started the slow handclap and then, at the split second when further delay might have reduced enthusiasm, there was a skirl of bagpipes and six Irish laborers in saffron kilts marched in, blowing the martial air *O'Donoghue! Also*. Behind them, gleaming in a white silk robe and a heavy coating of bottled santal, tramped the Gorgeous Gael, with a shamrock the size of a dahlia embroidered over his heart. The procession made one circuit outside the ring and was about to embark upon another when a female fan in the front row put out her foot and tripped up the leading piper, who fell on his bag and burst it. Most of the other pipers fell on top of him. Unruffled as ever by adversity, the Gael stepped over them and climbed into the ring, only to find that Eddie Phillips had gone. With the speed of improvisation which had always been his forte, the Gael gestured resignedly toward Phillips' empty corner, clasped his hands above his head in the victory sign and exited for his own dressing room.

The crowd, of course, would have none of this, but it was another 10 minutes before the promoters managed to get both men back into the ring at the same time. The battle, when it was eventually joined, lasted about as long as the previous one at White City. A distinguished United sportsman, tiring of the tentative pawings above him, suddenly called out, "I don't know what you're allowed to do to the feller, Eddie, but do it just the same!" Phillips, equally ignorant of the



AFTER KNOCKOUT BY EDDIE PHILLIPS, DOYLE HAD TROUBLE MAINTAINING IMPRESSION OF WINNING, TURNED TO STAGE CAREER

rules of wrestling, shared his admirer's feelings. He bunched his fist and struck the Gael on the ear. Jack immediately fell down, where he remained until Phillips had been disqualified. Then he sprang to his feet and put in an impassioned plea with the referee to give his assailant a second chance. "He's new to the game," we heard him cry. "We'll fight with fists if he wants it that way!" He was still demanding clemency for Phillips long after Phillips had disappeared. We, the Irish element in the audience, gave him an ovation. It was one of the cleanest and most sporting victories he'd ever achieved.

This quick decision over his former conqueror put Jack right back in the big time. He had a number of successful scuffles against elderly and mainly bald Hungarians, Greeks and Turks, causing many of them to retire by falling on them from his full height while he, and they, thought he was merely manœuvring for a wristlock. Women were turning up at Harringay in large numbers to study the Gael's magnificent physique, on which no mark of his rugged profession had yet appeared, while practically every male member of the audience under the age of 70 was getting more than his money's worth from the opinion, freely expressed, that he could do it better himself.

Then, as usual, disaster struck again. Jack, by a wild error of policy on the part of his several managers, got himself matched against Two-Ton Tony Galento, a fearful fighting machine who had been seen not only to enjoy striking Joe Louis, but also to be indifferent to the bumps that Louis had handed him back.

It was an emergency of the gravest kind. Galento under the comparatively tight reins of the Queensberry Rules was bad enough, but Galento with no holds barred might well be murder. I became seriously concerned for our man. Even, it seemed to me, if a working plan could be agreed upon by both parties in the interests of preventing a fatal injury to one of them, there was no guarantee that Galento's conception of go-slow would be anything like slow enough. Fascinated by the morbid aura that surrounds all assassinations, I felt compelled to call upon Two-Ton Tony as soon as he arrived in London. I took him out to lunch. The shock of seeing him close up lasted 20 minutes, during which neither of us spoke. My attention was riveted by the eyebrows, like black fur, which crossed his face from ear to ear. For his part, he seemed more than half asleep. There was a streak of lipstick along the stubble of his jaw, a tribute from some unimaginable source.

Things warmed up in the pub where Galento, having refused a drink, suddenly swallowed two-thirds of a bottle of Nuits-Saint-Georges, which I'd ordered for myself. "You're all right, Red," he said, giving me a friendly uppercut which seemed to flip my head over backward between my shoulder blades. As it sprung back into position he did it again. To keep him from doing it any more I gripped his fist in both hands and saw that the knuckles were so badly smashed they were almost concave. Galento revealed that he'd been wrestling a bear in New Jersey, that the animal had become overexcited, and that he'd had to knock it down. Then, to show that the injured hand was sound, he drove it, clenched, against the wall. It looked at that moment as if Jack's only chance of coming alive out



IN CORNBACE AS A WRESTLER JACK BRIEFLY UPSET GALENTO

of the approaching contest would be to enter it in a suit of armor, mounted on a horse and carrying a lance tipped with curare. Even then, I thought, he'd need three free stabs before the fight began.

Somewhat similar thoughts must have been passing through the Gael's mind two nights later when he stepped from his corner at Harringay, dressed only in his ordinary white trunks and bottled tan. He looked and obviously felt exposed, but the working plan must have been in operation because for several minutes Galento left him alone, apart from a number of Neanderthal gestures of defiance which drew squeal after squeal of delighted loathing from the female fans. Galento, dressed in black fur and purple wool trunks, certainly did look extremely frightening. It might have been this that decided Jack to stake all on one desperate throw. He sprang forward and with a display of strength that brought gasps from the girls raised Two-Ton Tony about shoulder high.

We shall never know what he meant to do with him, because at this moment he ran out of steam. His legs buckled. He dropped his adversary from a height of about five feet. With a thud that shook the whole arena Galento fell like a stone onto his bald skull and lay at Jack's feet, apparently dead. Jack disentangled himself lustidiously and was walking back to his corner when he heard a hoarse cry of warning from his seconds. He swung around to see Galento coming at him like a rhino. Our man acted with his usual resource. "Stop!" he cried, throwing up his left hand. "Rib's gone," he panted, grasping the injured part with the other hand. The fight was over.

I saw Galento afterward in his dressing room with the accessories of a top hat and a cigar added to his purple trunks and a showgirl sitting on his knee. But there were so many girls in the Doyle shine down the corri-

continued



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GAEL continued

door, all trying to massage the injured rib, that you couldn't even open the door. Once again it was easy to see who was the real winner. The promoters seemed to see it, too. Shortly afterward Jack found himself matched against Primo Camera for one of the then heavyweight wrestling championships of the world.

It was a contest that established Jack Doyle as one of the great champions of all time. He arrived at Harrington late with his doctor and the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Patrick Caragher, who is the same size as Jack Doyle (6 feet 4 inches), was born in Dublin in 1913, studied at Oxford (didn't finish), was in business in Europe before the War (didn't profit) and worked on London and Dublin newspapers while he acquired a reputation as a humorist with such books as *A Short Treat with a Cultured Mind*. Married, with one child, he is the son and heir of Lord Glenary, an Irish financier. "This makes it easier for me to obtain good items from bookstores," he says, "and quicker attention from headwaiters."

news that owing to "fibrillations of the heart" he could not appear.

After a demonstration from the audience that promised to raze the stadium the promoters found a substitute, a gronksie little man of about 50, billed as "Bukht the Human Gorilla." He was less than half Carrera's size. The Ambling Alp tried to be kind, but the Human Gorilla had a terrible time. And while the slaughter was going on Jack Doyle took a keen interest in it, sitting at the ringside in his fighting kit of white dressing gown and sultan, blowing kisses to the girls and clapping his hands above his head, a clear winner once again.

Unfortunately it was his last appearance in the wrestling ring. According to one of his honorary Irish managers, whom I recently met, "Misther Doyle is now in semi-retirement, but you catch him any day of the week at the White City dogs."

I'd like to know from what Mr. Doyle is now semiretired, but I'll have to get some more expenses together before I can find out. END



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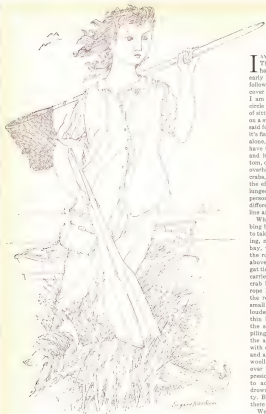
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THE CRABSLAYER

by Barbara Heilman

I am not admitted to discussions of *The Hunt*, not being qualified. I have marvelous things to say, but early in every conversation the foot-followers and the bear-trackers discover that my sport is crabbing, and I am shouldered out of the hearty circle again. They think, I suppose, of sitting in the sun, with a fish head on a string. There's a great deal to be said for that, but the first of it is that it's fishing. Real crabbing, with a net alone, is essentially hunting. You have to stalk and sight your quarry and lunge, scooping along the bottom, or nipping under bulkheads and overhanging ledges. The coloring of crabs, refraction, water resistance and the effective scuttle of a crab when lunged at—these, as any fair-minded person can see, are something entirely different from fooling around with line and fish heads.

When I was too small to go crabbing by myself my grandfather used to take me. He and I, on a good morning, marched seriously down to the bay, where he would have beached the rowboat a cautious four lengths above any possible rise of the Barnegat tides. He wore his peaked cap and carried the oars and nets. I carried the crab basket, a peach basket with a rope handle. Grandpa would heave the rowboat into the bay, and the small chatter of the oarlocks was the loudest sound in the morning. The thin bay waves lapped placidly on the sand and against the old gray pilings of the swimming dock. In the afternoon we would all be here, with our bright inflated rubber rings and animals—shrilling, hopping, wet woolly-suited children, swimming over the stolid old dock, the whole presided over by an adult or two to administer justice and prevent drownings with peaceful impartiality. But now, in the early morning, there was only Grandpa and me.

We would take up the line around the shore, following the bulkheads on out to the edges of the salt marshes. Grandpa would be keeping the perfect distance off, with a leisurely pull on one oar, not saying anything. I would hang over the edge of the boat, peering at the bottom of the bay, quiet

too. Perhaps Grandpa was considering some obscure functioning of the eye—we tended to forget that he was a doctor, since he had never practiced. Patients had turned out to be an astounding intrusion on his thinking, and he had taken down his shingle nearly as soon as he had put it up. He had built the boat he rowed me out in, as well as the house we had just left, and he could play the piano. At 15 my grandfather had been teaching school—but there isn't any end to this. It is the opinion of everyone who knows him that there is nothing my grandfather can't do, or doesn't know, and certainly in the course of our acquaintanceship I have never found this to be less than the literal truth.

We came first to the bulkheads, which smelled of tar, where the crabs would be swimming sideways, shifty and quick in the shadows, or edging their way along the bottom. Sometimes a successful sweep would bring up two, entangled in the net in a fury of waving flippers and claws. When really enraged, a crab will almost knit itself into the net; I would reverse it and shake it over the basket, but crab and mesh would be so entwined I would think I had made a mistake, that the other way was the reverse; subsequent flappings and thrashings meant a crab loose in the bottom of the boat. So I would have to stalk it again. The crab retreated, waving a great blue claw, I advanced, but only to look at it helplessly, until Grandpa would present a stick for the claw to close on and then reach down and grasp the crab firmly, thumb and forefinger between the back flippers, and whisk it into the basket before it regained any perspective of the field of battle.

After the bulkheads came the edges of the flats, always more productive and more exciting. They stretched back into the island, expanses of pale salt grass, as the bay stretched bright the other way behind us. It was the coast of a strange miniature country. The sun would be high by the time we had come this far, and would light the shallow water and the bottom. Jellyfish maundered past, just visible,

or not visible but casting faint shadows on the sand beneath. The crabs hustled under the boat, and the provident gulls kept close in case we decided to fish. I marvel now at this arrangement of peace for my grandfather and excitement for me, at how satisfying it was for us both.

Later, when I was old enough to take the boat alone, crabbing became quite another thing for me; it was later that it became a hunt. With the oars, the nets and the crab basket I went by myself down to the beach and wrestled the boat into the water. With small and doubtful strokes I set an erratic course, past the bulkheads, for the tiny oaves and bay



shores of the flats. There I pattered and crabbed and daydreamed until the noon whistle from the firehouse moored across the bay to call me back. And then one day I realized that inland the flats were a crisscross of narrow creeks, and that here and there were warm salt-water pools.

The day I learned this I had come out barefoot, but I tied the boat and explored from inland pool to pool and creek to creek. The stiff marsh grass cut my feet and ankles, but the basket was heaped with crabs from the warmer inland shallows, and all the farther creeks were more insistent. One by one they pulled me across the empty, sunny marshes, after the more and doubtless bigger

crabs. When I looked up I was deep in the desert of grass, and extremely late for lunch.

The greediness of that first day passed; in time I only crabbed along the creeks. In the pools the crabs were fairly easy game, visible and close in the shallow water; in the creeks, though, which were narrow, the banks cast shadows and there were overhangs and holes. Angling a net in here to any effect was an achievement, and a miss stirred up the bottom hopelessly in the shadows of the banks. Odds were heavily in favor of the crab, and my pursuit of him in here is why I say that when you crab you're hunting. I don't remember the sun on the flats from those days, or rain, or the look, even, of that labyrinth of grass. And this has made me question what's so often said of hunting, that "half the pleasure is in the being outdoors," in walking in the woods, and being alone, and "getting back to nature." There is all that. But it is in addition to the hunting, it isn't "half" of it. Hunting is something else, and is the same for me as it is for the stalker of deer, or the lion hunter. On my New Jersey flats I move with infinite care along the narrow out in the harsh salt grass. I watch where my shadow falls, I look beneath the surface of the water and strain to distinguish the bottom-colored creature from the bottom. And somewhere in all of this I come to a point of total focus. The nerves in the hands holding the net, the muscles in my knees, my eyes, my ears; I am turned virtually inside out. Mortality, the gangs of deprived love or the bottom falls out of the market are not going to reach me now. I don't know what could penetrate this trance of pure functioning, other than a physical blow.

I was sneered at again the other day for my fondness for this particular activity. Nothing, though, so compels the human animal as that which draws him entirely out of himself; a fact which I am certain will insure the continuing popularity of painting, of writing, of being in love with someone who loves you less, and of hunting. Even for crabs. ■■■



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crease, eliminating wrinkles. Continental Mark I style is slim, pleatless; has adjustable, hidden, elastic side-tabs for perfect fit. Clay, charcoal, loden or brown; \$6.95

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To all present LIFE subscribers: Use this card to renew your subscription for 25 months from the date it now expires at a special 25th Anniversary rate: \$9.95. About 9¢ a copy!

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The smooth-sailing Pittsburgh Pirates unwrapped a shrewd new gimmick—the base-hit bunt. Tied 2-2 in the eighth, they beat out three successive bunts, rattled the Phils' Robin Roberts so much he walked Roberto Clemente on four straight pitches to force in the winning run. The Milwaukee Braves got their best pitching of the season. Bob Buhl gave up five hits, Juan Pizarro and Warren Spahn four each, and Leo Burchette—in the best performance of all—none. Next time out, though, Pizarro was bombed, leaving Manager Derosen with the same old problem: how to find a winner outside his Big Three starters. Hank Aaron picked up his batting a bit (to .299) but admitted his year-long slug was troublesome. "It's been an awful strain," said Hank. "After all, I get paid to hit." Poor hitting: Jose 2-0 and two 1-6 losses) and ailing pitchers (Don Drysdale and Stan Williams) blasted the Los Angeles Dodgers' pennant drive. It took a ninth-inning double by woefully weak (184) GE Hodges to avert another 1-0 defeat. Seven defeats in eight games burst the St. Louis Cardinals' bubble and plunked them into fourth place. The San Francisco Giants won four straight, and back home a restaurant hosted a "Welcome World Series" sign. Next day Chicago clobbered the Giants, leaving them 15 games away from the Series, 4½ from the first division. Manager Sheehan finally decided on a few regulars, put Felipe Alou and Willie Kirkland in the outfield, Orlando Cepeda at first, Willie McCovey on the bench. The brewing Cincinnati Reds lost a battle

but won the war. Frank Robinson slid hard into Eddie Mathews, allegedly grabbed his arm. Mathews countered with a crushing right to the eye and both left the game. Robinson returned in the second game to smack a homer and double, rob his nemesis of an extra-base hit. The Chicago Cubs won three games, again outplayed the Philadelphia Phils. Eric Banks's homer took one game for the Cubs, George Altman's five RBIs another. The Phils failed to hit (five hits in two losses to Milwaukee), angling for pitching by Roberts and Gene Conley.

Standings: Pitt 11-41, St. 10-50, SF 10-53, LA 10-52, Phil 11-51, Cin 14-45, San 15-45, New 15-45.

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Times on Base*	Total Runs Produced
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
San SF (191)	81	60	141
St. Louis (171)	80	60	140
San Francisco (169)	76	58	134
Los Angeles (154)	71	54	125
San Diego (153)	69	58	127
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
San SF (122)	87	58	145
San Francisco (120)	75	58	133
St. Louis (119)	74	62	136
Los Angeles (117)	75	54	129
San Diego (116)	74	58	132

*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The New York Yankees' shaky front-line pitching looked somewhat improved. Al Downing five-hit the Orioles, Ralph Terry survived an inning (in previous games 19 of 24 batters had reached base against him) and Whitey Ford, offering to pitch with two days' rest, threw his second three-hit shutout in a row. Most New York papers gushingly of Ford's selfless devotion to The Cause, but the *Brooklyn Times Herald* Rosenfield was skeptical. Realistically speaking, said Rosenfield, "his record was 5-7, and what do we talk about at contract time?" The *Chicago White Sox* dropped three out of four and fell back to second. "We lost those games through mechanical and mental blunders," said an angry Al Lopez. "These just take care of any aggressive leadership, no late-change guy this year. If we'd played good ball like we did last year, we'd be at least 18 games in front right now." The Baltimore Orioles went in to a small slide. They lost two speakers to the Yanks, glanced only seven runs



FRESHFACES: Bob Bruce and Art Mahaffey stirred hopes of Tigers and Phils. Each recorded his first two big league victories.

from five homers and four doubles against the Senators. Mountaintop molehills surrounded the Cleveland Indians. Rocky Colavito's Cleveland fan club finally gave its ghost ("But I'm joining another Rocky club," sniped the team-age president. "I'll always be for Rocky . . . always"). GM Frank Lane brushed off sales suggestions that he quit the Indians, started cutting up his nickel-and-head betters, which began when home attendance passed 800,000. Sloppy shortstopping almost kept the Washington Senators out of the first division. One out away from victory over the Yanks, Jose Valdiviazo fubbed a grounder, then threw wild on a relay to open the way to five unearned runs. The Senators lost that game but won two others, increased their season edge to 10-7 over the leaders. The Detroit Tigers kicked off their annual salary drive with six wins in a row. Showing the most improvement were slumping stars Al Kaline and Rocky Colavito, who are heading for a sizable cut next winter. But no one was fooled, least of all President Bill DeWitt. The Boston Red Sox management, casting about for long-term crowd attractions (Williams can't last much longer), tried filling the park with organ music, began pelting patrons on contemplated changes for next season. As franchise discussions reached the serious stage, the Kansas City Athletics cast an increasingly negative vote—10 losses in a row, 17 out of 28.

Standings: NY 12-42, Cin 10-50, St. 10-51, Wash 10-52, Cin 10-52, San 10-53, St. 10-53, KC 11-53.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
NY Shortstop	311	Bertie	302	Moss	299
Cin Outfield	236	Donnels	234	Moss	232
Phil Outfield	229	Donnels	227	Browning	226
Cin Outfield	220	Perez	217	Assenheimer	216
Wash Outfield	218	Beckley	217	Garfield	215
Det Outfield	215	Orlando	204	Fernandez	203
San Outfield	210	Barnes	210	Walt	209
KC Outfield	207	Williams	205	Bertie	204

NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Phil Spitzer	321	Clemente	319	Smith	301
Bill Russell	276	Arnes	275	Braden	274
L.N. Larkin	241	White	239	Moss	238
L.N. White	245	Bauer	240	Moss	237
Clay Mays	221	Carpenter	220	Amadio	219
Joe Ford	208	242nd	207	Parker	192
Ch. Anderson	208	Banks	201	Moss	200
Phil Taylor	200	Harsh	200	Gary	200

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE				
NY	Pitcher	3.00	Donnels	3.08
Cin	Donnels	3.01	Donnels	3.14
Phil	Donnels	3.11	Donnels	3.12
Cin	Pitcher	3.01	Donnels	3.01
Wash	Pitcher	3.03	Donnels	3.04
Det	Pitcher	3.05	Donnels	3.07
KC	Pitcher	3.08	Donnels	3.15

NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Pitt	Low	2.76	Ford	2.85
Nat	Reid	3.17	Wendler	3.20
LA	Reidman	2.23	Wideman	2.40
SL	McDonald	3.31	Berglin	2.86
SP	McCaumery	2.73	O'Sell	2.80
San	Reidman	2.44	Perkins	2.57
Chi	Reidman	3.03	Elkins	3.14
Phi	Furnell	2.26	Elkins	2.55

Based on statistics through September 25, 1961.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

A QUESTION OF THE EYE

Sir:

Yes fellows should get a gold medal themselves for compiling the Special Olympic Issue (Aug. 15).

STEVE BELL

San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir:

Caught myself saying very good, and again, very good indeed.

HUGH M. SCOTT

Montreal

Sir:

All I saw was a bunch of junk on what the athletes couldn't eat while they were in Rome, and pretty women from the U.S.S.R.

A. READING

Albuquerque

A QUESTION OF THE GOAL

Sir:

I wholeheartedly agree with International Olympic Committee Member Albert Mayer's idea of defining professionalism rather than amateurism and using this as a basis for deciding who is eligible for the Olympics (A Question of the Goal, Aug. 15).

However, I disagree with Chris Chataway's idea of opening the Games to both professionals and amateurs. Chataway's plan opens the door to those who were never meant to participate in the Games.

If Mayer's plan is adopted, the standards will be upheld, the competition will be good, and the messy situation will be cleared up.

T. O'KEEFE

Catonville, Md.

ON AND OFF THE RECORD

Sir:

You say that Jesse Owens set a world broad jump record at the 1936 Olympics (Olympic Circles, Aug. 15). Although he won the Olympic event, Owens did not break the record of 26 feet 8½ inches which he had set the previous year at Ann Arbor, and which still stands as by far the oldest record on the books.

JOHN CHAPPELL JR.

Topeka, Kan.

As noted in SCORECARD (Aug. 22), Ralph Boston of Tennessee State University set a new mark of 26 feet 11¼ inches on Aug. 12.—ED.

Sir:

Is there women's basketball in the Olympics?

J. E. SANDERS

Eugene, Ore.

No.—ED.

Sir:

Are my eyes deceiving me, or does the second lady from the right in the 1932 women's 88-meter hurdles have a higher hurdle than all the rest?

JOHN HAN COLEMAN

Great Neck, N.Y.



HIGH HURDLES

The full-length photograph of Japan's Michi Nakanishi (see above) shows her hurdle to be suspended several inches off the track. Deduction: the camera caught Miss Nakanishi knocking the hurdle over.—ED.

A WALK IN THE SUN

Sir:

Your statements that the 26- and 50-kilometer walking events "couldn't mean less to Americans" and that the U.S. entry will stalk far behind and happy for the "free trip" to Rome are absolutely not in keeping with the truth (FOUR CHAIRS, Aug. 15). We have a devoted bunch of boys going over to Rome for these two events, and they may well finish not so far behind as you seem to think.

Let us at least hope so and send them every good wish. That, I am sure you will agree, is far preferable to sending them to Rome bitter at the American public which Sports Illustrated is supposed to represent.

ELLIOTT H. DESMAN

Biarwood, N.Y.

Every good wish indeed, and a cheering "Go, go, go" to Walkers

Rudy Hahn, Ronald Egan, Robert Mieser, Ronald Laird, John Allen and Bruce MacDonald.—ED.

WHAT DID YOU DO? NOTHING

Sir:

State off to Roger Price (How Is Crookshank, Aug. 15). I am happy to report that this new and ingenious form of recreation is growing with leaps and bounds, or should I say squats and sprints, in our community. Already an eight-team Crookshank League, consisting of one player per team, has been formed.

Games in the night of noisy neighborhood basketball games. Playgrounds are giving way to throwing hunting projects. Up Crookshank!

ROBERT WHITNEY

Clarks Summit, Pa.

TAKE IT EASY

Sir:

Thanks to Roger Price and you, I have found my niche in the world of sports. Count me in as an avid and (for want of a better word) active Crookshanker. Unfortunately, as part of my training, I am forced to discontinue my weekly, strenuous reading of your magazine.

J. DELL

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

After reading How Is Crookshank, I have come to the conclusion that it must be the heart of the physical education programs in many schools—and the up-and-coming major sport.

THOM SHAFER

Johnstown, Pa.

SOMETHING HAPPENED

Sir:

Your comment to a letter in 19TH HOLE (Aug. 15) indicates nothing has happened in the standing broad jump since Ray Evers jumped 11 feet 4½ inches in 1904. Let me draw your attention to Track & Field News, December 1954: Standing broad jump—Bergen, Norway, Nov. 24, 1954: John Brandt cleared world record jump—11 feet 5½ inches.

FRANK FANLAK

Philadelphia

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE; IT'S TERRELL

Sir:

Ray Terrell's excellent article on soaring (They Fly Through the Air, Aug. 22) was extremely well done, factual, amusing and beautifully illustrated. In fact, the coverage was so complete and true to life that I left that I was attending the meet and seeing it with my own eyes.

ROBERT W. BROWER

Minnetonka, Minn.

PAT ON THE BACK



WILLIAM T. SNAITH

*Be well fed
—and be fast*

William T. Snaith of Georgetown, Conn., the grizzled gentleman holding up a cherry pie, is both skipper and chef of the racing yawl *Figaro*, and his grin reflects the fact that he has just baked a pie in mid-Atlantic. *Figaro*, Snaith and a crew of eight were halfway between Bermuda and Sweden in this summer's castbound, 3,600-mile transatlantic ocean race.

Reads the log: "A well-fed ship is a fast ship."

The 47-foot *Figaro* won in corrected time of under 17 days, with Skipper Snaith cracking on all sail. In one stretch of five days, *Figaro* covered 580 miles. "If you can make her run in a straight line," says Snaith, "you can hang out canvas until it blows to shreds and then pat up more."

(continued from front flap of this insert)

From today's market to Princeton to country clubs is but a short series of steps for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and so here is a letter from E. J. Drumm, Assistant Brand Manager of Armour and Company's Dial Soap, to Don Sperry of our Chicago office:

"During the two-month period immediately following the Dial Soap country club merchandising program, our Industrial Soap Department enjoyed a big increase in Dial Soap sales. Sixty-six orders received during this period can be traced directly to the promotional program (with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED). We feel additional orders were also secured as a result of this special effort, but we are unable to make any direct association. The most significant aspect of these results is that we received orders from **55 new customers.**

"We were delighted to have secured so many new customers from this promotion. We're looking forward to working out a program for 1961 which will be just as successful."

* * *

As Dial's Mr. Drumm knows, one of the signs of vitality in a magazine, or in any company, for that matter, is the amount of **new business** that it can add to the old every year, and broaden its usefulness to both readers and advertisers.

So if I haven't gone on too long in the paragraphs above, perhaps there will be room to list the 114 new national accounts and the 155 new regional accounts that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has added to our roster of tried and true (and we hope satisfied) advertisers just this year.

This listing also includes some present advertisers which have added new divisions:

* * *

National accounts new in 1960

Air France
American Distilling Co., Inc.—Bevies
Supreme
American Home Products Corp.—
Aperol Labe
American Laundry Machinery Co.
American Nylon Institute—Tyvek, Inc.
American Soap Producers Council, Inc.—
Washdown
Amphand-Berg Electronics Corp.—Surgene
Armour and Company—Grocery Products
Div.—Dial Detergent Soap
Armstrong Cork Company—Tessera Ceres
Flooring
Ashland Oil & Refining Company, Incorpo-
rated—Valvoline Oil Company
Ball Boy Company
Berkshire Life Insurance Co. of Nebraska
Bear Brand Hosiery Co.

B. A. Bohn & Company—Sweeper's Plots
Products
Bowen, Inc.—Wm. Joyce Golf Shoes
Brinde & Rogovsky—Men's Clothing
Burling Bros., Inc.—Ridgelys,
Ridgelys Corsets
J. Capps & Son, Ltd.—Men's Clothing
Canada Fash., Inc.
Casma Aircraft Company
Chesborough-Pond's, Inc.—Sawtooth
Chrysler Corporation—Valiant
Clare Labe
Clawt, Pashody & Co., Inc.—"Sun/airaid"
Jovians
Connecticut General Life Insurance Co.
Consolidated Sewing Machine Corp.—
Furuset Transistor Radios
Cooper Tire & Rubber Co.
Creighton Wash 'N' Wear Shirts

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

Crestlight Wash 'N' Wear Shirts
Dallas Foundries, Inc.—*Auto Key Products Div.*
University of Denver
Wall Shaver Productions, Inc.
Douglas Fir Plywood Association
Dow Chemical Company—*Desuper Year-Round Anti-Freeze*
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—*Birmingham Arms Company, Inc.*
—*Winington Sporting Firearms*
—*Polychemical Department—Street Printing Line*
F. K. Corporation—*Cameras*
Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corp.
Erie Pans, Inc.
Farmworth Seed Co.
Garcia y Vega, Inc.
General Motors Corporation—*Frontier Motor Div.—Vauxhall*
General Tire & Rubber Company—*Tire/Weather*
Genter, Inc.
Georgia State Department of Commerce
Gibbins Company—*Pepper Mite Pens*
Gold Seal Rubber Company—*Shoes*
Golden Valley Development Board
Greene Line Steamers, Inc.
Ray Greene Boat Company
Leiter Grober Company
Hardwick Company—*Clothes*
Harrison County Advertising Commission
Heberlein Patent Corp.—*Nelones Tuna and Products*
H. J. Helco Company
G. F. Heublein & Son.—*Arctic Pads*
Hudson's Bay Co.—*Hudson's Bay Scotch*
Japan Air Lines Company, Ltd.
Jaguar-Ruby, Inc.—*Jaguar Shocks*
B. C. Johnson & Son Inc.—*Oil (insect repellent)*
Joseph & Feiss Company
Kalmar Inc.—*Cameras and Transmitter Radios*
Kimberly-Clark Corporation
Kling Photo Corp.
Kobrand Corporation—*Barrough's Rectifier Gun*
H. Koch & Sons—*Fiberglass Luggage*
Koppers Company, Inc.—*Dyrite*
Keret of California, Inc.—*Wanamaker Labeled Mfg. Co.—Sportswear*
Lantern Boat Works
Lever Brothers Company—*Safeway*

P. Lorillard Company—*Old Gold*
Joseph Lorus (Electrical) Ltd.
Mead Johnson & Company—*Mellin's*
Fred J. Meyer & Son—*Worcesterpool Ceeer*
Monroe Auto Equipment Co.
National Distillers & Chemical Corporation—*King George IV Scotch Whiskey*
North American School of Conservation
Rubber of California, Inc.—*Swimming Pools*
Pepsi-Cola World Five Tennis Championships
Radio Corporation of America—*Phonograph Records*
Rafanac Manufacturing Company
Robust of Paris—*Perfumes*
Schwartz—*Fulton Controls Company*
Roy Rogers Enterprises
Solley Co.—*Sea & Ski Tanning Cream*
Sokrate, Inc.
Schiffelstein & Co.—*Palmari Italian Wines*
The House of Seagram, Inc.
—*Seagram-Stollman Company—Paul Mamon Wine*
Munson A. Shaw Co., Inc.—*Irish Mist Liquor*
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
South Bend Tackle Company, Inc.
South Pacific Airlines
Span America Boat Co.
Sperry Rand Corp.—*Bewington Rand Div. Springfield, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)—*Exxon*
Matthew Stuart & Co., Inc.—*Photo-Triz Mark II*
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Sunbeam Corporation—*Sunbeam Shaver-Kelmaster*
Telescope Folding Furniture
Thompson Company
United Central Life Insurance Co.
United States Rubber Company—*Expanded*
—*Regalite—Mishawaka Rubber Co.*
Virgin Islands Government Tourist Bureau
Waddell & Reed, Inc.—*Underwriters*
Wanamaker-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company—*Listerine*
Webster Electric Company—*Portable Phonographs and Gramophones*
Tape Recorders
Williamson-Stieck Mfg. Co.
W. P. Young, Inc.—*Admiral Jr.*
Young's Market Company—*Jose Cuervo Tequila*
Youngs Rubber Corporation—*Atlas-Sprey*

Oops, sorry—no room for the list of 155 new regional accounts. We'll print it next time, and perhaps then it could even include **your** company's name.

Pete Callaway

Advertising Director

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